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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

[J. HOLMES, TOKE'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Travels in France, by the Sheikh Réfaa, Principal of the New Polytechnic School, near Cairo.—(Unpublished.)

One of the most distinguished in the mission sent by Mehemet Ali, from Egypt to France, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of European arts and sciences, has written an account of his travels, which is in the course of being printed, at the press recently established by that enlightened sovereign. The author allowed Mr A. C. de Perceval to read and make extracts from his work in manuscript; and our knowledge of it is derived from the report on the subject made by that able orientalist to the Asiatic Society of Paris. Independent of the interest which naturally attaches to the oriental judgments respecting western customs, this work has a strong claim on our attention, because it illustrates the great intellectual revolution that is now working in all the countries of the Mussulmans.

Réfaa is of a distinguished Arabian family; he received, according to Mohammedan notions, an excellent education, and officiated for some time as a chaplain in the Egyptian army. To the faith of Islam he appears sincerely attached; but he shows little of that vulgar bigotry which prevents men from seeing good in any creed but their own. He manifestly, however, fears that some zealots will raise the cry of liberality against him; and knowing that, with pious Mussulmans, a liberal is something worse than an atheist, he deprecates the censure of the orthodox, in a style very similar to that used by the Jesuits in editing Newton.

Sheikh Réfaa declares that the design of his work is to induce the Mussulmans to cultivate those branches of knowledge which they have hitherto neglected. He says,

During my residence at Paris, seeing the Europeans enjoying the benefits of advanced civilization, I lamented that the true believers were deprived of such advantages. * * * For a long period, the Mussulmans have neglected the exact sciences, and they are now obliged to have recourse to Christians for instruction in those sciences, which they were the first to introduce into Europe. The civilization, arts, military discipline, and manifold inventions of the Christians, have raised them to such a height of wealth and power, that Mohammedans would be before them as if they existed not, but for the special protection that God has afforded to Islamism.

The Sheikh next proceeds to vindicate Mehemet Ali from the charge of having shown an impious preference, both for the institutions and persons of infidels; and this he does by enumerating the great benefits that Egypt has derived from the introduction of European improvements. The Egyptian mission he regards as the most useful measure that could be adopted, and he answers those who assert that Mussulmans should travel only in the lands of Islamism, by quoting a tra-

ditional dictum of Mohammed, "Go, in search of knowledge, even to the borders of China." After a rapid geographical survey of the world, Réfaa assigns the reasons for choosing France in preference to any other Christian country:—

The French and English are the nations that have made the greatest advances in the exact sciences; they have surpassed the ancients, not only in physics and mathematics, but even in metaphysics and philosophy. The two most remarkable cities of Christendom, are London and Paris. Preference is due to the latter, from the salubrity of its climate, the courtesy of the inhabitants, and the cheapness of the necessities of life. The excellent system of police secures to strangers the most perfect tranquillity; they are generally received with cordiality, and treated with kindness, whatever may be their religion. Toleration in France is perfect; a Mussulman would no more be hindered from building a mosque, than a Jew from erecting a synagogue. They even wish that every person should adhere to the religion in which he was born.

It is to be feared that London does not quite merit a similar character. A few weeks since, the Rev. Narses Lazarian, a priest of the Armenian Catholics at Constantinople, was knocked down in our public streets, by some furious bigot, whose prejudices were wounded by the silver cross which the venerable stranger wore. But this cross was worn in consequence of a previous insult; deceived by his oriental costume, some idle boys hooted the stranger, and called him a Jew; to prevent a repetition of this mistake, he resolved to wear the cross as a symbol of his faith, but found that the outward sign of Christianity attracted persecution as certainly in London as it would in Constantinople.

But to return to Sheikh Réfaa: he informs us, that among every forty Mussulmans, one saint will always be found. The person in the Egyptian mission who merited this title, was Hassan Effendi, who proved his sanctity by his dreams; having learned, in a vision of the night, that the Sultan Mahmud would not be dethroned by the Russians. This dream consoled Réfaa, whom the intelligence of the Russian victories had reduced almost to despair, for he remembered the saying of the Prophet, "The dream of a faithful believer is a truth."

The observations of the Sheikh on the manners and customs of France, are very similar to those made by Mirza Abu Taleb, whose travels were translated and published, some years ago, by Major Stewart. When he speaks of the progress of science, however, he finds himself at a loss, in consequence of the particularity with which a false system of the universe is described in the Koran:—

The French excel in all the practical sciences, and are equally well acquainted with the speculative. There are, among them, however, certain philosophical opinions, which the reason of other nations will not readily admit;

but they support them so ably and so plausibly, that they seem founded in reality. In astronomy, for instance, they are deeply skilled, and the aid of the instruments they have invented, has rendered them very superior to the ancients. But they have mixed with these sciences some heretical ideas, contrary to what we read in our sacred books; such as the assertion, that the earth revolves on its axis, &c. They support these opinions by arguments which it is difficult to refute. * * * The Mussulman who wishes to study French books, should, therefore, attach himself closely to the text of the Koran, and to our holy traditions, to guard himself from having his faith shaken.

The design of the Sheikh is to present a summary of all the knowledge he had acquired in France, and thus supply his readers with a kind of Arabic Encyclopaedia. He is, at present, chief director of the school established near Cairo, for instructing the Egyptian youth in geography, history, and the mathematics. Few European schoolmasters have given so good a proof of their capabilities. He manifestly possesses no ordinary talents for observation; and the extracts we have given show that he has profited by his residence in France, without losing the impress of the oriental character.

The Dilemmas of Pride. By the Author of 'First Love.' 3 vols. London: Bull & Churton.

The author of the 'Dilemmas of Pride' has good sense, and a spirit of observation; the world has not passed by like a dream, nor its men and women as shadows; there is also a taste for the ridiculous, and a feeling for what is generous and noble; and we have no doubt that the writer is a pleasant person to meet in society. But one may have a gift at oral story-telling—may abound with anecdote at the fireside, and have the tact to discern and even caricature the peculiarities of their neighbours, and yet make but an indifferent figure in the manufacture of a good novel. In truth, work of that kind requires not only genius, but art: it is easy to huddle together a mass of many-coloured materials, and produce something with striking and touching passages; but the proprieties of action and character, as well as their light and shade, have to be observed; the work must not bulge out into long episodes; and there should be such unity and usefulness of parts as may be seen in the formation of the human figure, where all is life, motion, expression, and beauty. Now an ill-arranged story is like an ill-made man; the shambling legs, the crooked back, and the deformed head of the latter, make just as poor a figure in the circles of youth and loveliness, as the involved plot, the overcharged characters, and faulty expression, in the eyes of critics who judge according to natural taste.

If we try the 'Dilemmas of Pride' by these rules, the work will be found defective; but if we look at it as a production which seeks

to compensate for an ill-constructed story by lively sketches of life and manners, we shall have less fault to find. The story can lay little claim to originality. Two brothers love a young lady; as she cannot, like Anne Page, wed "both the young gentlemen," she falls in love with the poorest and handsomest; the one who is rejected, goes mad, and poisons himself; a cousin observes this, and with an eye to the estate, accuses and convicts the fortunate lover of murder; but, just as he is about to enjoy the fruits of his treachery, his horse throws and kills him; a concealed letter makes the innocence of the accused plain to the world, and he escapes from the noose of the law into the noose matrimonial. We have not alluded to the dinners, the evening parties, the walkings out, the ridings, the runnings, the tears, protestations, sighings and swoonings which abound in the work; the characters please us most: the Citizen Salters are cleverly sketched, and Fips the attorney is not without merit.

The account of the company expected at Citizen Salter's, as given in a conversation between old Dorothea Arden and her maid, is laughable enough:—

"Then I can tell you ma'am," said Sarah, "they are to have a grand party this very night at the rooms, and never had the manners to ask you."

"I know their cards have been out for some time. And who are they to have, did you hear?"

"Oh, titles without end, they say; and generals and baronets, and all sorts of fine people. Mrs. Johnson says, as the young ladies should say, they were determined as their party should exist entirely of *excuses*."

"Exclusives you mean, I suppose; but did you hear any of the names?"

"Why yes ma'am; they are to have Sir Matthias and Lady Whaleworth."

"Sir Matthias indeed!" repeated Mrs. Dorothea, "an alderman cheesemonger, knighted only the other day; and as for his poor good-natured, vulgar wife, she has been fattened on whey, suppose, till no reasonable door can admit her."

"Well to be sure!" exclaimed the abigail, "and then they are to have Sir Henry and Lady Shawbridge."

"Sir Henry, poor man," said Mrs. Dorothea, "was only knighted by mistake. I don't know what he was himself, but they say he had just married his cook-maid; and her ladyship certainly has all the fiery-faced fierceness of that order about her."

"A cook-maid, ma'am! why I am a step above that myself. And let me see, who else—oh, there's to be Lady Flamborough."

"She is a woman of rank certainly, or rather the widow of a man of rank; for she is of very low birth herself; and what is much worse, she is a woman of bad character, which of course prevents her being visited, so that she is glad to go anywhere. And who else pray?"

"Sir William Orm, that Mrs. Johnson says is such a fine gentleman."

"Sir William Orm," repeated Mrs. Dorothea, "he is a known black-leg; a man shut out from all good society; he may do very well for the Salters, however, if he can endure their vulgarity."

"There is another title," said Sarah, "let me see—Sir—Sir—Sir Francis Beerton, or Brierton, I think."

"Poor little man," said Mrs. Dorothea, "there is no particular harm in him; but his wife is so sanctified, that she will neither go anywhere, nor see any one at home; so that he is

glad of any thing for variety. Strange notions some people have of duty! in my opinion, if a woman will not make a man's home comfortable and agreeable to him, she becomes accountable for all the sins he may commit abroad, although she should be praying for his conversion the whole time. Well, who comes next on your list?"

"I don't think as I remember any more, excepting General Powel."

"He, poor old man, is mere lumber; neither useful nor ornamental, nobody will be troubled with him who can get anybody else to fill up their rooms; so that I should suppose he is not incumbered with many invitations."

The portrait of Citizen Salter the younger, has a dash of caricature; but it is clever and life-like:—

"You import the silk for your own waist-coats, I suppose, Salter?" observed Sir William Orm, "there is nothing like it to be had in this country."

"I heard a lady—a lady of title too—say, no later than last night," chimed in Geoflery, "that she would give anything for a pair of slippers made out of one of the Marquis's waist-coats, they were all so perfectly beautiful."

"She don't mean to go barefooted till she gets them, I hope," replied the polite object of this delicate compliment.

"I suspect," said Sir William, "that it is the Marquis's own beauty which the lady has so associated with the patterns of the silks he wears, that she knows not how to separate the ideas."

"Salter is certainly a fortunate fellow," rejoined Geoflery, "the ladies all admire him."

"Confess the truth now, Marquis," cried Sir William; "in round numbers at home and abroad, how many hearts do you think you have broken in your time?"

"I know better than to kiss and tell," answered young Salter conceitedly.

"That chain," said Geoflery, "which you wear in such graceful festoons, Marquis, must be either Venetian or Maltese, the workmanship is so exquisite. By-the-by, there was a lady last night admiring that too, and wishing so much you would make her a present of it."

"What," cried Sir William, "the ladies volunteering to wear your chains? you may well bain, Marquis."

"They may volunteer to wear this that get it," said young Salter, looking down at the chain.

"You are a great fool, John," observed his father, hanging money round your neck that way, that's paying no interest."

"Pardon me!" interrupted Sir William, "it is interesting to the ladies."

"He will be able to afford it to be sure," continued old Salter, "for which he may thank an industrious father. Why, gentlemen, when I began the world—confound it!" he cried, shoving back his chair violently, "what are you treading on my gouty foot for?"

Nor is the portrait of Citizen Salter, the elder, at all inferior; it is true to nature:—

"When I began the world," he recommended, "the young man in the song who had but one sixpence was better off than I was. My father came by his death in a colliery you see in Cumberland, and left my poor mother with six of us upon the parish. I was big enough at the time, I remember, to lead a cart, so was apprenticed to a farmer, who moving some years after to a farm in Ayrshire, took me with him. There I picked up the knowledge of Scotch farming that afterwards made my fortune, and brought me a wife into the bargain, who, were she living, good woman, wouldn't believe her own eyes, that that there fine gentleman, and

these here fine ladies were her own born children! Look here to be sure," he continued, pointing to Miss Salter's ornaments, "such chains, and rings, and bracelets, and nonsense; and if you'll believe me gentlemen, the first pair of shoes ever her mother had on her feet I bought for her at Maybole fair, in Ayrshire. As for ornaments, we were married with a rush ring, and all the household furniture we possessed was a chaff-bed."

"Well, Mr. Salter," said Sir William, "I can only say that times are greatly changed for the better, and you have yourself to thank for it."

"That's what I say, sir," cried Salter, striking his clenched hand on the table till he made the glasses ring. "Let me see the man that has done so much out of so small a beginning. My son will have as fine an estate as any gentleman in the country, and as fine a house upon it as any nobleman. And if the family is new, why so is the *property*, and likely, therefore, like a *new coat*, to give some wear, which is more than some of the old ones will do," he added, winking, and looking exceedingly wise as he laughed at his own wit. The mortified young ladies here rose, and tossing their heads and biting their lips, took their departure.

"Nothing would serve my daughters, when first we come to this vanity-fair, continued Mr. Salter, "but they must pass themselves off for ladies of high family, forsooth, and behave with impertinence to their betters, till they get themselves blown and cut too, as all that sail under false colours deserve to be. But let a man, I say, come forward with nothing but the truth in his mouth, and who shall despise him for having made his way in the world by honest industry?"

Those who wish to while away a winter evening hour, may do it to their satisfaction, if not very particular, over the 'Dilemmas of Pride.'

The Miscellany of Natural History. Vol. I. *Parrots.* By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. F.R.S.E., and Capt. Thomas Brown, F.L.S. Plates by Kidd. Edinburgh: Fraser; London, Smith & Elder.

THE volume is creditable to the binder, discreditable to the editors, and useless to the public.

It is creditable to the binder, because it is very neatly done up, in red morocco cloth. It is discreditable to the editors, and useless to the public; because, the design is stolen, the plates are coarse and inaccurate, the style is mean, the original reflections ridiculous, and the great mass of the matter an unacknowledged plagiarism.

The design is stolen. Sir William Jardine has for some months been bringing out a series of works, under the title of 'The Naturalist's Library.' His first volume contained the portrait of a naturalist—a sketch of his life—general notice of the humming-bird tribe—followed by thirty-six plates of the different species, with short descriptions of each. The book was bound in morocco cloth, with gilt letters.

Sir T. D. Lauder and Capt. Brown have, last week, commenced bringing out a series, to be called, 'The Miscellany of Natural History.' The first volume contains the portrait of a naturalist—sketch of his life—general notice of the parrot tribe—followed by thirty-six plates, with short descriptions of the different species. The book is bound in morocco cloth, with gilt letters.

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The plates are coarse and inaccurate. Their coarseness is evident at a single glance. For their inaccuracy:—Fig. 1. Carolina Parrot, copied from Wilson. The artist has not even taken pains to make the two sides of his bird alike. The middle wing-coverts on the right wing, are a bright and clear yellow, those on the left are mottled with orange and streaked with green. For all this we are entirely indebted to the artist's imagination, no such colours varying this part in the bird itself, as any one may see by going to the British Museum, and examining the two specimens of *Psittacus Carolinensis* presented by Mr. Audubon. He will also perceive, that the orange and yellow edge of the wing has been ridiculously exaggerated, and that there is no great blue feather stuck in the middle of the tail.

Fig. 24. The Indian Lory, all red over one eye, and all blue over the other! Surely, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder must have caught it in "the flood," for there has been no such bird since. Hood would describe it as "a rare specimen of the species."

Fig. 4. The Blue and Yellow Macaw, one of the largest birds of the whole tribe, is made to look less than the Otaheite or Violet-blue Parrakeet, (Fig. 38), which is not the size of a lark, and in neither case is any

scale given according to which the figures may be estimated.

We shall mention one more. If our friend, who has gone to the Museum, be of an observant disposition, he will perceive that, while all the other parrots are mounted on perches, one alone is placed directly on the shelf. If he ask the reason of this, he will be told, that the bird he has remarked, is called the "Ground Parrot," and that its situation and its name both depend on the fact, that it is constantly seen running on the ground, and has seldom, if ever, been known to perch. If he now turn to the "Miscellany," Fig. 3, he will find this same bird, with ludicrous absurdity, depicted on the top of a high tree! Whether this be in any way connected with "the appropriate backgrounds," or "the pictorial effect," which the editors promise in their advertisement, we leave them to decide.

The style is mean. We should rather have said the grammar is bad. Style, "God bless you, he has none, Sir!" The proof may be easily seen in the quotations adduced in support of the next two assertions.

The original reflections are ridiculous. It struck us that we had met with an original reflection or two, in perusing the book. We turned back to look for them, and as we

turned, we said or sung, "they are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." However, here is one as a sample:

"Numerous as this species of Parrot is in the United States, we consider it *not a little singular*, that neither Wilson nor Audubon has seen one which could utter words: from which circumstance we may fairly conclude, that it is incapable of imitating articulate sounds. But this is *not at all remarkable*, as many of the tribe are devoid of this faculty."

The great mass of the matter is an unacknowledged plagiarism. Of course, we cannot go through the whole book, and prove this page by page; but, passing over the introductory sketch of Audubon's life, which is acknowledged plagiarism, we shall take the next chapter, 'On the Physical Characters of Parrots,' and from each of the seventeen pages of which it consists, select a sentence or two, opposite which, we shall print corresponding passages from the Supplement on Scansores in Griffith's Cuvier; so that, not only has the same matter been before published, but published in *English*, and that within these last three or four years. To the proof.

"Miscellany of Natural History."

Those animals which, in any particular, approximate to the nature of man, are always excited in him more interest than any others. At the head of these, amongst mammiferous quadrupeds, may be ranked the extensive tribe of monkeys; and, among birds, the tribe of parrots. These are analogically connected, and both possess physical peculiarities somewhat allied to humanity. p. 37.

In the division of parrots proper, the skin which covers the tongue is frequently fine, dry, and provided with papillæ. Dr. Blainville says, are arranged longitudinally, and placed on a kind of anterior disk, supported by a crescent-shaped cornaceous annulation. p. 33.

Dr. Blainville has shown that some of the species of this group, which inhabit New Holland and the South Sea Islands, have a tongue terminated by a crown-formed bundle of cartilaginous, filamentous hairs. These he considers as papillæ, from the size of the nerves which communicate with them. p. 34.

The eyes of parrots are placed laterally, and are of moderate dimensions. The upper and under lid is continuous, forming a rounded orifice, bordered with small tubercles, which support the eyelashes in its entire circumference. p. 40.

A good specimen of grammar on

Parrots are formed in an eminent degree for climbing. Not only does their general conformation indicate this, but the strength and arrangement of their toes distinctly prove it. They walk but slowly on the ground, and in a very awkward manner from the vacillating swing of their body, occasioned by the shortness and wide separation of their legs. p. 41.

The birds of this kind have been formed into a separate genus by Illiger, under the name of *Pezoporus*. The claws of the division are but slightly bent; and the birds remain almost constantly on the ground, and run about with great swiftness. p. 42.

A mere transposition of the sentence.

In the general distribution of colours there appear to be some fixed rules. The quills of the wings are usually gray, brown, or black; at their under face, and on the interior of their bars, which are concealed from view. p. 43.

Grammar again.

The edge of the epaulette of the wing, or the part of the most part, is of a different colour from the upper part of the wing, being usually yellow or red; and the upper and under tail-coverts differ from each

"Griffith's Cuvier—Birds. Vol. II."

Of all animals in the creation, there are none so calculated to attract the attention and admiration of man, as those which appear to approximate to his own nature, and to partake of some of the attributes of humanity. This is the case with the apes among mammals, and the parrots in the class of birds. Both exhibit some of the physical peculiarities of man, and both present a very striking analogy with each other. p. 564.

The skin which covers it is often very fine and dry, and furnished with papillæ. These papillæ, according to M. de Blainville, are arranged longitudinally, on a sort of anterior disk, supported by a cornaceous half ring. p. 549.

In some species of parrots belonging to the South Sea Islands and Australia, the tongue is terminated by a crown-formed bundle of hairs, or rather cartilaginous filaments, which M. de Blainville considers as papillæ, in consequence of the bulk of the nerves which communicate with them. p. 549.

The eyes of parrots are moderately large, and situated laterally. The upper and lower lids form a rounded orifice, edged with small tubercles, supporting the lashes in its entire circumference. p. 550.

The ingenuity with which the Editors have contrived to make non-sense of this simple sentence is surprising.

The eggs were about the size of those of pigeons. They were of a *pyriform* shape, slightly flattened at the broad end. p. 47.

"Pyriform shape," means a *pear-shaped shape*; the Editors are determined to be understood.

The parrots are eminently climbing birds, as the form, the arrangement, and the strength of their toes clearly evince. When they walk on the ground, it is with a slowness which is owing to a vacillating motion of the body, occasioned by the shortness and separation of their feet, in which the base of sustentation is very wide. p. 550.

There are some species which, having more elevated legs, toes less crooked, can walk on the ground with tolerable swiftness, and which never perch. These have been formed by Illiger into a separate genus under the name of *Pezoporus*. p. 559.

Some rules are observable in the distribution of the colours. Thus, the wing-quills are generally grey, brown or black, at their lower face, and on their interior bars which are concealed. p. 552.

In internal structure, parrots have several peculiarities. The cranium is rounded and strong; the *os furcatum* is somewhat pointed towards the sternum, and formed like the letter V. p. 52.

They are sometimes struck by a kind of apoplectic blow, by which they fall from their perches, and for a while seem ready to expire. Bleeding in the foot is recommended as a remedy for this. They are also liable to cramp. p. 53.

"Griffith's Cuvier—Birds. Vol. II."

covers have a different tint from the upper and from the rump. p. 553.

Many of them emigrate according to the season, and, in particular, the Carolina parrots. Such travel every year some hundreds of leagues, but they are comparatively few in number. The difficulty of flight with many is the cause of their restriction within narrow limits, and their concentration in certain islands, while they are not found in others, which border closely on the former. This is peculiarly the case in many of the island groups of Polynesia. p. 560.

But species whose powers of flight are limited inhabit fifty places beside the Polynesian Islands. The whole passage has been altered—not improved—from Desmarest.

The young when hatched are quite naked, and the head disproportionately large in comparison to the body, which in many cases they have scarcely the power of elevating. p. 46.

The young when born are totally naked; and the head is so large that the body seems merely an appendage to it. They remain some time without having sufficient strength to move it. p. 562.

The young when born are totally naked; and the head is so large that the body seems merely an appendage to it. They remain some time without having sufficient strength to move it. p. 562.

Their form was that of a pear, a little flattened, and their length equal to that of a pigeon's egg. p. 563.

"Pear-shaped shape," means a *pear-shaped shape*; the Editors are determined to be understood.

In all probability, the success of this education was owing to the care which was taken in providing these birds with a suitable nest. p. 563.

Collared parrakeets of Senegal, have been born in Paris, in hollows made in large billets of wood, where the parents had fixed their nest. p. 564.

The food of the parrots consists principally of the pulps of fruits, such as those of the banana, the coffee-tree, the palm, and the lemon, &c. p. 560.

M. Desmarest mentions an instance of one of these birds, belonging to M. Latreille, the body of which thus became as naked as that of a pullet plucked for roasting. p. 561.

The following peculiarities are worthy of remark in the internal structure of parrots. The head is strong, and the cranium rounded; the *os furcatum* is a little pointed towards the sternum, and formed like a V. p. 554.

These birds are very subject to epilepsy or cramp, for which bleeding in the foot is recommended. p. 577.

If this be any part of the matter, which the editors tell us they spent a long series of years in collecting, we have been much more fortunate, as we have found it all to our hand in five minutes. They may, if they please, assert that they took it from the articles of Messrs. Virey and Desmarest; this is a matter of perfect indifference,—our charge is, that they stole it and did not acknowledge it, and this charge we have proved.

As to Mr. Audubon, whose biography the editors have attempted to write, they appear to know nothing which had not been before published. We refer them for information to a little notice which they will find in our paper of to-day. We beg also to tell them, that the portrait they have given of him, has not been acknowledged as a likeness by some of his friends and *nearest* relatives, to whom we have had an opportunity of showing it.

On the whole, if the book be good for nothing else, it is at least an admirable specimen of the art of book-making.

Love and Pride. By the Author of 'Sayings and Doings.'

[Second Notice.]

We return to this very lively and agreeable work.

The tale entitled 'Snowdon,' is better in its construction, and more vigorous and sustained in its delineation of character, than the story of the 'Widow,' though the latter has some scenes of an almost indescribable humour. The plots of the two Novelloettes are simple enough, and remind us rather of the light easy framework of a French vaudeville than of the incidents of a three-volumed English novel. The dialogues in both pieces are just what every reader would expect from Mr. Hook,—gay, pungent, and delightful.

The Widow's tale is soon told. Saville, a young lover, is attached to a charming girl, Harriet Franklin, and is, of course, beloved in return. Mrs. Franklin, a sort of ideal Mrs. Glover, favours the addresses of an old gentleman of the rare name of Smith—and Saville, under the guidance of his servant, Twigg, (who is enamoured of Harriet's maid, Miss Johnstone—or, "Miss J.") consumes a volume, and many miserable, yet ludicrous hours, in trying to run away with his adorable Miss Franklin. He follows her to Ascot races—pursues her to Cowes—plans a flight—and, owing to Twigg's blunder, gets into a Granville instead of an Isle of Wight packet—and has to undergo forty days quarantine, during which time Miss Franklin degenerates into Mrs. Smith,—or commits Smithism, as it is termed. Smith dies,—and Saville, after a year of patience and constancy, marries the Widow.

Saville himself is a tame young gentleman—but Twigg is as lively as any bird that ever perched on one. He leads his master in all things,—and generally wrong. Just as the Twigg is bent, is the tree of Saville's mind inclined. Twigg is the established servant of all established farces. He "rules the roast, as Milton says."

The packet scene is effectively worked up; but the following shows that *Hook* has an *Eye* to humour where few would think of finding it.

"Saville's thoughts, his position, the natural anxiety of his mind, contributed to keep him awake, and it was not until the sun had again shown himself through the dirty white dimity

curtains of his rickety tent-bed, that our hero felt inclined to sleep.

"At length he was conscious of the welcome symptoms of drowsiness, and laying his head on his pillow, was roused suddenly by the throwing up of a creaking window close to his ear; he listened, not at all certain what next was to happen, when a stentorian voice bawled out—

" 'Brig, a-hoy! What brig is that?'

"The answer was inaudible.

" 'Where are you from?'

"Still the answer was unheard.

" 'What's the name of your master?'

"Ditto, as to inaudibility.

" 'What have you got in?'

"Another answer, and down went the window.

"Ah! thought Saville, settling himself again, now that's a fancy—a passion—some man has got out of his bed to inquire about a brig coming into the harbour—perhaps he has a fond, affectionate girl on board some vessel, and is anxious—

"Up went the window again—again the same voice and the same questions—but not exactly the same results; the schooner which now entered the harbour, and which, by the in-and-outishness of the Quebec, Saville could not see—for he had the curiosity this time to look out—was nearer the Portsmouth shore than the brig which had preceded her, so that the replies to the inquirer came tumbled about by the wind in a sort of unintelligible noise, always, at least to Saville's ears, exactly alike, varied only in length and pace of utterance, and reducible to writing only by the words, wulla, wulla, wulla.

" 'Schooner, a-hoy!' bawled the inquirer through an immense speaking trumpet; 'what schooner's that?'

" 'Wulla, wulla, wulla.'

" 'Where are you from?'

" 'Wulla, wulla.'

" 'What's your master's name?'

" 'Wulla, wulla, wulla.'

" 'What have you got in?'

" 'Wulla.'

"Down went the window, and away went the schooner, and so did Saville to his bed. But all in vain: to the schooner succeeded a lugger, after her came a ship, and then a brig, and then a lugger again, and to all of these, and to fifty more, were all the same questions put, and the same answers given; until Saville at last became reconciled to the annoyance, which he found proceeded from the neighbouring official window belonging to the Custom-house, whence the inquiries he had heard were authoritatively made, and satisfactorily replied to, before the vessel cattedched was permitted to pass."

"Snowdon" takes its title from the peer that bears it. Lord Snowdon is a cold, ambitious, proud nobleman, who thinks the earth made only to tread upon—and his fellow creatures part and parcel of that earth. He is plotting throughout the story, to advance himself to a place of power—and his ambitious plans are ruined by his own means. Lord Snowdon thinks of marrying—the young lady promises him, and keeps her word,—with another suitor. His Lordship lays a train for entertaining royalty at his seat at Lionsden—and the train, fired by his own hand, blows up *awfully*. The King visits the country seat; and the previous visit of the Mayor to Lord Snowdon, for the purpose of concocting an address, is most felicitously, though broadly, made out. The Mayor arrives whilst Lord Snowdon is engaged:—

" 'My Lord desired me to say, Sir,' said the servant, 'that he expects you to dine here to-day.'

" 'Dear me,' said the Mayor, 'I don't know what I shall do, I am wet through, I'—

" 'Why, Sir,' said the man, 'my Lord, you know, is very particular; he will expect you to dress for dinner.'

" 'To be sure—yes,' said the Mayor, somewhat puzzled.

" 'You can dress here, Sir,' said the man.

" 'Oh! then, that will do exceedingly well,' replied the Mayor; 'have the goodness to let my servant-boy wait, till I send for him.'

" 'Yes, Sir,' was the answer, and the groom of the chambers retired, unconscious of the mischief he had occasioned by one single, simple and perfectly correct observation.

"The Mayor, left alone in the room, wet, dirty, and uncomfortable, had been told that the Marquis would expect him to dress for dinner—the servant had also told him that he could dress *here*. His worship taking this hint, *au pied de la lettre*, felt convinced that all the stories of Lord Snowdon's excessive pride were calumnies, and instanced to himself, as a proof of his Lordship's great consideration for his humbler visitors, the fact, that he himself had not only been told that he might dress *here*, in this extremely comfortable room, but that with a delicacy of attention quite unparalleled, directions had been given to provide him with the means of 'making himself comfortable,' the moment he arrived.

" 'Gad,' thought the Mayor, 'here are the things put ready for me, all airing by the fire; I had better lose no time, but get off my wet clothes before my Lord comes, and pack them away by the boy. Upon my word—talk of the aristocracy—I should like to see any man more mind or attentive to his visitors, than this.'

"Saying which, having first bolted the door, the right worshipful began by divesting himself of his saturated garments, and seating himself by the fire, proceeded to habit himself in the different articles of dress which had been carefully disposed for the use of the Marquis, by his trembling and attentive valet; a process which he so speedily performed, that long before a rattling on the lock announced an arrival, the right worshipful was eased in the noble Marquis's shirt, stockings, waistcoat, and pantaloons, which, to the infinite delight of the right worshipful, fitted him, as he said, 'like a glove.'

We cannot spare room for the scene at the dinner-table, though it is excellent. The King arrives without the Queen—and the Marquis of Snowdon, after encountering many disasters, proceeds to read the address.

"The moment the fine sonorous voice of the noble Marques was heard, silence the most profound reigned amongst the assembled throng. His Lordship read as follows:—

" 'May it please your Majesty,

" 'We, the Mayor, Burgesses, and Aldermen of the ancient and loyal town of Shuttleworth, beg to be permitted to approach your Royal presence, in order to offer our dutiful congratulations upon your Majesty's arrival in our neighbourhood.

" 'Accustomed as we are to hear your Majesty's praise on all hands and from all quarters, it cannot but afford us the highest gratification to be permitted thus personally to express our affectionate regard for your Majesty's person, and our unbounded admiration of your Majesty's character and qualities.'

"In venturing thus to address your Majesty, we have to request that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept at our hands, as a testimonial of our sentiments, and as a proof of our anxiety to merit that patronage which your Majesty is known so generously to afford to the artizans of the United Kingdom; two specimens of the manufacture of our native town, consisting of a blue silk pelisse and a white lace veil;

and to intreat that your majesty will be pleased to appear in them in public upon the first fitting occasion."

"At the conclusion of this paragraph, a shout of laughter rent the splendid saloon; the King himself first started with astonishment, and then burst into an immoderate fit of mirth; upon which the Mayor and the corporate body, released from the apprehension of committing a solecism by indulging in their merriment, re-echoed the peal, leaving the Marquess in a state of perfect stupefaction, unconscious in his anxiety to puzzle out the writing, what were the words he had uttered, and completely unaware that, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, and the crowd, his unfortunate, but well-meaning friend Mr. Wiseman, had handed his Lordship the address which had been intended for her Majesty, instead of that which was to be read to the King!"

Lady Katherine, the mother of Miss Oldham, Lord Snowdon's intended, is a proselyte of the Mrs. Parthian order, only a *little* younger.

We have devoted as much space and time as we can spare to a work of light reading. Mr. Hook has written *currente calamo*—but in the present case the pace has not killed him. If he will always write as spiritedly, as he can clearly write rapidly, we shall not easily tire of commanding him to the good favour of the public.

Saint Cuthbert; with an Account of the State in which his Remains were found upon the Opening of his Grave in Durham Cathedral in the Year 1827. By the Rev. James Raine, M.A. Durham.

A good deal of interest having been excited by the late exhumation of the remains of Raphael, the particulars of which appeared in this journal on the 16th, we thought the subject-matter of the above work would render a notice of it generally acceptable at this moment; and, although some time published, its circulation has been so local and so limited, that we are sure its existence is unknown to the public. The sacrilegious act which occasioned it—the opening of the saint's grave—was indeed reported in the newspapers of the day, but so imperfectly, that the relation rather damped curiosity than excited it. Condemning, as we do, that unholy act, which was perpetrated, so far as we can discover, for no other reason than an idle wish to expose the monstrous notion of the Roman Catholics—that the body of Durham's patron saint had slumbered *incorrupt* from the seventh to the nineteenth century—we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that it has produced a work exceedingly curious and interesting. We shall be much deceived if the reader be not of the same opinion.

The greater portion of the work consists of an historic view of St. Cuthbert's life—of the veneration which superstition paid to his relics—of their strange migration before their final deposition in the famous shrine which contained them—and of the devotion with which that shrine was visited and enriched down to the period immediately preceding the Reformation. It is derived from numerous, and not very accessible sources—from some ancient MSS. in the Dean and Chapter Library of Durham, and from all the published (mostly scarce) works which throw any light on the subject. The result is, a book, not only highly curious in itself, but valuable

from the light it incidentally throws on the history of the northern counties, and still more on the manners of the times.

Mr. Raine commences with the foundation by Oswald, King of Northumberland, of the see of Lindisfarne in 635. Its four first bishops, St. Aidan (635—652), St. Finan (652—661), Colman (661—664), and Juda (664—665), were monks of Iona, and were, consequently, not in communion with the see of Rome. Of this fact, however, no notice is taken by the author—an omission which we are sorry to see, for few subjects would be more interesting than the faith and discipline of our ancestors before either was affected by the followers of Augustine the Monk. Were this the proper place, it might easily be shown that the disputes respecting Easter, and the tonsure, were neither the only, nor the chief differences between the ancient British Church and Rome.† On the death of Eata, the fifth bishop, who conformed in everything to the letter, the dignity was conferred on the famous St. CUTHBERT (685—688), the sixth bishop of that see.

Of this celebrated churchman's early life, little is known. He appears to have been a shepherd in the vicinity of Melrose Abbey. His conversion is said, by Bede, who was contemporary with him, to have been hastened by a vision, in which he saw the soul of St. Aidan wing its glorious flight to heaven. He proceeded to the monastery, announced his wish, and received the tonsure—a rite which conferred no order, but which merely betokened his necessary vocation to the ecclesiastical state—whether as a monk or a priest was immaterial. Here he was so distinguished for his devotion, for his virtues, for his acquaintance with Scripture—an acquaintance which, even in these days, would be deemed respectable—that on the death of the prior, Baisil, he was nominated to that dignity. In 664, however, he quitted Melrose to fill the same office in the monastery of Lindisfarne, of which his friend Eata was abbot. Here he remained twelve years,—a model, says Bede, of the monastic virtues; but, great as were his austerities, he evidently regarded them as insufficient, and he adopted a resolution, very common in that age, of retiring to some hermitage. There was great merit in embracing holy orders; there was much more in a secular clergyman's entering the cloister; but the perfection of merit consisted in forsaking the cenobitic for the eremitical life. His first retreat appears to have been merely anchoritical—at no great distance from the church of Lindisfarne; but soon afterwards we find him in the uninhabited island of Farne, where he might have hoped to live secluded enough. But his "light was not so to remain hidden under a bushel": he was elected to the see of Lindisfarne; and, though he long refused to accept the dignity, he was induced to sacrifice his own wishes to the good of the church. In 685 he was consecrated by the hands of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by other prelates, and he fixed his episcopal seat at Hagulstadt in Hexham. That in this station he exhibited the virtues expected from his character; that he was at once exemplary in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and fervent in his private devotions, may readily be admitted; but few will credit the miracles

[†] For instance, by what authority did the abbots of Iona consecrate bishops?

recorded of him, although these miracles rest on the authority of the venerable Bede. In two years, Cathbert, who had long sighed for his retreat, and whose health was worn down by labour and austerities, resigned his see, and returned to Farne, where he passed his few remaining days. So carefully did he conceal his ailments from the notice of his monastic clergy—for the church of Lindisfarne was always served, not by seculars, but by monks—that the few, whom he occasionally permitted to visit him, were not aware of his state until all hope was lost. That he hastened his own end, is indisputable. At a period when nature required the most soothing care, during five successive days he lived on half an onion. This excessive fasting would have severely tried a robust frame; to his it was fatal. He died, under great suffering, March 20, 688: according to his last consent, his body was carried to the cathedral of Lindisfarne, and buried by the side of the high altar.

But the life of St. Cuthbert is far less remarkable than the fate of his corpse. Eleven years after his death, his coffin was opened, and his body was found incorrupt. It was thenceforth placed in a new coffin, elevated above the floor, so as to receive the homage of the faithful. But the invasions of the Danish pirates made the monks tremble for the security of their new treasure. Under Eardulf, the sixteenth and last bishop of Lindisfarne (854—900) the ravages of that ferocious enemy were so desolating, that the ecclesiastics of the island were compelled to abandon that consecrated abode, and flee they knew not whither. The coffin was lowered from the shrine, and precipitately hurried into the hills of Northumberland. With this far-famed relic, the fugitive ecclesiastics were sure to attain offerings in abundance: their wants were liberally supplied—in fact, they were enriched. For some years they appear to have led this wandering life, not knowing in what place to fix their abode. At one time, we are told, they resolved to visit Ireland, and had actually embarked from some port in Cumberland for that purpose; but, as it was not the Saint's will that his relics should leave the country, a storm soon forced them to return. After many wanderings, which we have not space to notice, we find the holy relics deposited in wooden church at Chester-le-Street, the recent foundation of Guthred, the Danish King of Northumbria, who subsequently conferred on the new cathedral all the land between the Wear and the Tyne. Chester-le-Street continued to be the head of the see under eight successive bishops, from 883 to 995, when Aldbume, the ninth bishop, perceiving the accumulated treasures—accumulated by the piety of Saxon and Danish monarchs—to be again menaced by new swarms of Pagan barbarians, resolved to deposit them in some safer asylum. Again was the body of the Saint—of course still incorrupt—removed from its honoured eminence. It was taken to Ripon, a place which, from its inland situation, promised security. In four months the danger was past, and the monks returned towards their cathedral of Chester-le-Street. But that place they were to see no more: from the vicinity of Durham, (a city which had then no existence,) the holy relics refused to be moved a single inch. What more evident than that the Saint had selected the agreeable spot,

surrounded by hill and dale, by wood and stream, for his permanent abode? On the summit of a gentle elevation, in a situation at once highly convenient and salubrious, a wooden church was hastily erected, and in it the relics were deposited. To that accident the Cathedral of Durham owes its origin, and its splendid endowments. The wooden edifice was soon displaced by one more worthy of the treasure it contained; and, as the liberality of the faithful increased, a magnificent structure reared its head over the surrounding forests. That from this day forward, with one short interruption, when the monks fled from the wrath of William the Conqueror, the body of the Saint remained incorrupt—in other words, that he slumbered in that majestic pile, was the firm persuasion of all men, until the Reformation swept away the costly shrine, and consigned the body to an unhonoured, obscure grave. At the mandate of the eighth Henry, away went gold and silver to enrich a few royal favourites; and Cuthbert was no more remembered, except by the antiquary, who wondered in what precise spot his body was deposited, or by the Romanist, who still offered his orisons to the semi-deified Saint, and who believed, as firmly as in the inspiration of Holy Writ, that corruption had never been suffered to visit those holy limbs. Whether it was to disprove the idle legend of this incorruptibility, or to indulge in antiquarian curiosity as to the place in which the remains were hastily thrown at the Reformation, or whatever might be the motive, a few individuals, comprising two prebends of the cathedral, one or two of its secular officers, and the author of the work before us, resolved to dig for the body in the place which tradition had pointed out as containing it—immediately below the ancient shrine. Accordingly, on the 17th of May, 1827, the sacrilegious labour commenced; the coffin was found; the vestments and bones of the Saint were examined. The investigation is much too long and too minute to be noticed here. The relics were found in a third coffin, swathed in many priestly robes, accompanied by such certain indications—that no doubt whatever can exist of its being the identical body of St. Cuthbert. The description of the vestments, of the ornaments, of the skeleton—for a mere skeleton only remained, and that almost disappeared by exposure to the air—is very interesting, and will amply repay perusal. Alas for the honour of relics! Nothing was discovered but decayed bones, all, indeed, in their proper position, but exhibiting no trace of flesh, or skin, or nerve, or muscle: even several of the toes and fingers were wanting. In fact, with reverence be it spoken, the body of St. Cuthbert was not half so free from decay as those of some sinners in Westminster Abbey.

"With respect," says Mr. Raine, "to the reported incorruptibility of St. Cuthbert's body, the facts which I have disclosed are, I think, decisive. The inner coffin, in which he was found during our late investigation, has been proved to be the inner coffin which contained his remains in the year 1104; and, upon the testimony of Reginald, the very coffin in which those remains were placed in the year 698. Now, the state of this inner coffin in 1827 most satisfactorily proved that flesh and blood had never been its inmates. Its bottom, although in decay, was, and had always been, dry. Again, with the exception of the various

relics above mentioned, the coffin contained no other matter than bones and robes, more or less perfect. There was no earthy substance whatever, nor the slightest trace of flesh in a state of decomposition. The state of the bones was equally remarkable. They were one and all perfectly dry and smooth; nothing was found adhering to them, save portions of the robes in which they had been swathed; and these portions were so adhering, as to afford the most convincing proof that nothing had ever intervened between them and the skeleton upon which they were found. Now, to take the latest date, if the body was buried, in the year 1542, † 'whole' and 'incorrupt,' what has become of the flesh with which it was clothed? The fact can only have been, that from the year 698 down to the dissolution, that which was exhibited as the perfect undecayed body of St. Cuthbert was nothing more than his bones, so well and so carefully swathed in one robe after another at different times, as to give the appearance of a body to his remains. Under this circumstance, the pliancy of the body, when it was examined at various periods, is easily accounted for. But the positive fact, that the eye-balls of the Saint were, during our late investigation, ascertained to have consisted of a mere preparation, ‡ is, of itself, a sufficient proof of fraud. This discovery, exclusive of all the rest, at once detects the imposition, and completely disproves that tale of centuries, invented for interested purposes, in a superstitious age—the incorruptibility of St. Cuthbert."

For further particulars respecting this curious investigation, we refer to the book itself. But, what is more valuable, in his copious notes the author gives us extracts which throw great light on the manners of the times. The work is full of curious research; but the style is sometimes very careless.

Three Weeks in Palestine and Lebanon.
2nd Edition, enlarged. London: Parker. WHEN a work reaches a second edition in less than three months, it may fairly claim exemption from the ordeal of criticism; and an elaborate attempt to estimate its merits would probably remind our readers of the country dinner so admirably described by Soame Jenyns,

Where, by and bye, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanced horse.

It is, however, only justice to say, that its success has not been beyond its merits, and that the account which the writer gives of his visit to the Holy Land, is a pleasing, simple narrative, such as travellers too rarely afford. He describes what he saw, and as he saw it; there is little antiquarian research, and still less of philosophic reflection, in his volume, and we like it all the better for their absence. Some curious particulars of oriental customs have been added to this new edition, from which we shall make a few extracts. Our first shall be the description of Damietta and its unceremonious governor:—

"Damietta is, however, really pretty for Lower Egypt; it is surrounded with groves of sycamores and palms, with here and there plantations of bananas. The country is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated; rice is extensively grown. The Pasha, Mehemed Ali, (who like Joseph has made himself master of all the land in Egypt, and adds to his Vice-regal capacity

† When the shrine was demolished, and the body buried.

‡ To give the appearance of freedom from decay, the monks, as Mr. Raine satisfactorily proves, had composed a black substance, which they placed in the sockets of the eye, so as to resemble the visual organs.

that of universal farmer and general merchant,) has here large magazines of rice, which we visited, and were shown some very clumsy machinery worked by oxen, used for the purpose of separating the grain from the husk, of which the exhibitors seemed very proud. The chief officer was a thorough Turk of the old school; what we had just seen gave rise to a conversation about the machinery in England,—if conversation it could be called where the talking was all on one side; the Turk scarcely uttering a syllable in reply to our endeavours to entertain him, in return for the pipes and coffee with which he regaled us. At last we desired M. Surur, our Vice-Consul's brother, who attended us as interpreter, to mention the Manchester and Liverpool railroad, and the speed with which carriages were propelled by steam upon it, giving a corresponding distance between places in Egypt, that he might the better understand it. Our host moved not a muscle of his countenance, and just condescended the civil remark, 'That's a lie!' 'But,' rejoined our interpreter, 'these gentlemen have seen it.' Quoth he, 'I don't believe it a bit the more for that.'"

The Bey who governs this part of Egypt for Mehemed Ali, seemed disposed to maintain the ancient Turkish character for apathy, which in the East, and sometimes nearer home, is mistaken for dignity. But the *Nil admirari* is a rule of life difficult to maintain, and the Bey wholly failed in the attempt:—

"The fame of a walking-stick gun, with a detonating lock of simple construction, which one of our party had with him, spread far and wide. One^o morning we received a message from the Bey who commanded the town, a son-in-law of the Pasha, expressing a desire to see it. We accordingly hastened to comply with his request, and found him seated on his divan, surrounded by his bearded senate, engaged in judicial business, and trying an interesting cause. At our first entrance, the dignity of the court would only allow them to notice us with the usual salutation, and invitation to be seated; but ever and anon most wistful eyes were directed towards us, till at last one, and then another of the counsellors, unable to resist their curiosity, stole down from the divan to handle the gun and snap the lock, and the Bey was presently left alone. He for a time struggled hard to maintain his solitary dignity, but in vain—the fascination of the gun was too strong, and he soon yielded to it, and joined the rest. The cause was dismissed, and the plaintiff and defendant left to settle their differences between themselves; nothing was attended to but the all-absorbing weapon. The Bey insisted upon having it fired off through the window, which looked down a crowded street. It was useless to represent the danger of discharging a piece loaded with ball in the midst of a densely-populated town. 'Oh, never mind that,' said he, 'fire away!' and we were compelled to satisfy him, from fear of his doing so himself, and, not improbably, trying the powers of the gun upon the body of some unfortunate Fellah."

Jerusalem and the neighbouring localities have been so frequently described, that we must pass over this portion of the work with a simple commendation of its graphic power. The account of Baalbec is too brief to be of much use, and the same may be said of the description given of the Asphaltic Lake. The account of the Druses, contains little more than what has been already detailed by Volney and Burckhardt; but, we believe, that the curious head-dress of the Druse women, has not been noticed by either of these celebrated travellers. It is thus described by our author:

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turn to Zahle, excepting that we passed some women on horseback wearing the tantour, that extraordinary ornament of the head worn by the Druse females: it is a horn of silver, or of copper silvered over, according to the wealth of the wearer, a foot and a half or two feet in length, springing from the top of the forehead, like the horn of a unicorn, and adorned with raised figures of stars, animals, and a variety of patterns. Over this hangs a drapery of white muslin, by means of which the wearer can conceal her features at pleasure. This horn is fixed upon a cushion fastened upon the head with such cumbersome machinery that it is sometimes not taken off for a month together—a most inconvenient nightcap, one would suppose, for any lady!

"In another district this ornament assumes a different form, resembling two large wine-funnels joined together, or a devil upon two sticks in the game once so fashionable in England. This is put on so as to stick out horizontally over the left ear, and upon it the drapery of the veil is arranged."

During the voyage of the travelling party along the coast of Asia Minor, circumstances suggested to them an explanation of a difficulty in the history of St. Paul's voyages, for which most commentators have been unable to account:—

"Weighing from Calymno, we stood away for Samos, passing the lofty and mysterious Patmos on our left. The obstinacy of the captain here added nearly three days to our tiresome voyage: instead of passing to the westward of Samos, as he might easily and quickly have done, in despite of all that could be urged by us, and indeed the best part of his own crew, he insisted upon taking the eastern passage, through the narrow straits between the island and the continent, and thus got us embayed in the deep Gulf of Samos or Ephesus.

"This circumstance suggested to one of my companions (to whom I stand indebted for reminding me of it) and myself, an explanation of what appears an extraordinary statement in the narrative of St. Paul's voyage. To give this has been my chief inducement to add this brief account of our voyage, assured that nothing, however trifling in itself, that tends to elucidate the Sacred Writings can be unacceptable. In examining the history of St. Paul's visit to Miletus, (Acts, xx.) it is difficult to understand why he should sail by the Gulf of Ephesus, and go onwards, and apparently out of his way, to Miletus, for the purpose of having an interview with the Ephesian elders, to summon whom he had to send back a messenger to Ephesus. Now, it took us two days' hard beating before we could get out of the Gulf of Samos, or Ephesus, in a vessel probably far better calculated for turning to windward than any that existed at the period when St. Paul lived. Had he, therefore, at any season of the year, but more especially in the spring, (and his voyage was a little after Easter, 'for he hasted, if it were possible for him to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost,') run down to Ephesus, situated as it was at the very bottom of this deep gulf, he must necessarily, in consequence of the westerly winds, which blow here for the greater part of the year like a monsoon, have been delayed many days, which was the very thing he was anxious to avoid.—He therefore passed to windward of Samos, and landed at Trogylion, thence proceeded to Miletus, and from Miletus sent to summon the elders of Ephesus to his presence, leaving his vessel at Trogylion, and rejoining her after his interview, that she might not be embayed by running down to Mycale, but might run towards Patmos, and then, with a flowing sheet proceed to Coos. 'And it came to pass, after we had launched, we came with a straight course unto

Coos,' (Acts, xxi.) If the winds in St. Paul's day were, with the other great features of nature, the same as they now are, and understood so to be by the navigators of the time, the course which he actually took is fully accounted for: but in no other way do I see how it can be well explained consistently with his object of saving time.

The melancholy interest attached to the name of Scio, induces us to quote the description of that unfortunate island:—

"Scio, at the distance whence we viewed it with longing eyes, had a most charming appearance—white houses and villas on the surrounding slopes peeped smilingly from among groves of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, &c.; gentle hills, seemingly all fertility, and clothed with wood, rose in succession behind, increasing in altitude as they receded from the town, till, in the centre of the island, they were elevated into a lofty and majestic ridge. But our telescopes told a tale of misery: these apparently smiling and happy dwellings proved for the most part to be mere shells, disfigured by the black marks of conflagration—a melancholy monument of the cruel vengeance inflicted by the Turkish fleet under Capudan Pasha in 1822, when twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants fell beneath the Moslem sword, and thirty thousand more were sold into captivity."

The length of our extracts from a little volume of one hundred and fifty pages, is the best proof of our approbation of its style and subject; we have only to add, that it is very tastefully illustrated with one steel and several wood engravings.

Alle Mie Prigioni di Silvio Pellico Addizioni, di Piero Maroncelli, &c. [Additions to the 'Mie Prigioni' of Silvio Pellico. By Piero Maroncelli.]

[Second Notice.]

We promised to return to this interesting volume, and we are more than ever inclined to do so, by the letters which reach us almost weekly from one or other of the Italian States, all foretelling fresh troubles to that unhappy country. It is only from works like this, that we can collect evidence of those private and national wrongs, which have driven the people of Italy to madness, and will, before long, hurry them on to some desperate and simultaneous outbreak of indignation, that will stifle all Europe. It is not two months (October 12,) since we announced the publication of a cheap and popular work, in northern Italy, intended for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes, and from which, therefore, all controversial subjects, in religion and politics, were excluded; we are now informed that it is discontinued, and that the publisher is in prison.

A large portion of the volume before us is taken up with a commentary on the Italian poets of the present age; but the narrative of political strife and personal suffering, is of too exciting a nature to prepare us for the enjoyment of literary speculation; and though we can recommend the treatise of Maroncelli to the lovers of Italian literature, as a pleasant and ingenious sketch, we prefer gathering from the 'Addizioni' some of those incidents which have a more natural connexion with the sufferings of Pellico and his companions. It is, however, worthy of observation, that the patriot party to which he was devoted, attempted, during its short career, the noble work of resuscitating the national literature. Not only

poetry, but history came under their review; and Count Porro, Confalonieri, Botta, and Pellico himself, formed the centre of the association. Nor was literature their only care; the education of the people became an especial object of attention. Confalonieri accordingly visited both London and Paris, to examine the various systems of popular instruction; and, on his return to Milan, a school was established in the house of Count Porro, and others in various parts of the city and surrounding territory. A steam-boat was the next experiment, and a ready communication was established by this means between Pavia and Parma. This was succeeded by the introduction of gas; and the community, inspired with a new sense of power and vitality, seemed on the eve of obeying, with one simultaneous rush, the impulse thus given to its energies, when the leaden hand of despotism fell heavily upon its young energies; and the patriots, who had laboured with such zeal and such success, were, on one pretence or another, stopped in their noble endeavours, and condemned to perish by years of solitary imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon, or at once upon the scaffold.

The following are some of those instances of the petty oppression which Pellico and his fellow-prisoners suffered, over and above the ordinary miseries of a dungeon.

On the 13th of March 1825, their cell was visited by two ministers of the Austrian government, who immediately on entering proceeded to make the most rigorous search for the invisible means and instruments of treason. "But when it is recollected," says our author, "that the furniture of our room consisted only of straw, two coverlets, two water vessels, and two wooden couches, it will seem difficult to discover how they could employ twelve hours in the examination." Every article, however, was separately and minutely viewed; and at last the prisoners were obliged to strip themselves, and were left naked, while every part of their dress was proved in a similar manner. Maroncelli in vain endeavoured to repress his rage, when he saw poor Pellico, then suffering under a violent attack of cold and fever, sitting shivering three quarters of an hour with no other covering but his shirt. "I could not endure this," says he, "but, clutching my fist, demanded in an angry tone some covering for my friend, intimating that they might then pursue their examination as slowly as they chose." A coarse cloth was at length given to the trembling invalid, but a severe illness followed his exposure. The following day, the two captives were summoned to give an account of the articles which had been taken from their cell, and declared forfeited. These were a pair of spectacles belonging to Pellico; and two wooden forks. On the former being called forth, he was asked who had given him permission to wear the spectacles; "Everybody, and nobody," was the reply. "During the three years I have been at Spielberg, they have only been taken from my nose at night. The governor himself, Count Mitrowsky, has always seen me with them, and has made no objection to them." "I have never seen them—I do not remember—it is quite irregular—I cannot restore them," instantly exclaimed the director; and Pellico said with a melancholy voice, "Signor! the Emperor has condemned me to fifteen

years imprisonment; but has not taken from me the sense of sight." The wooden forks were the next subject of inquiry, and Pellico, who had patiently borne the weightier oppressions of tyranny, could not refrain from expressing his contempt at the stupidity, as well as cruelty, exhibited in this petty show of barbarous authority.

Through the kind interference of Count Mitrowsky, at present the Grand Chancellor Minister of State, and at that time the Governor General of Moravia and Silesia, Pellico recovered his spectacles. On visiting the prisoners, he confessed his want of power to reverse what had been done by the Minister of Police. "And where then was the question tried respecting the wooden forks?" inquired the captives. "At Vienna, my friends, and before the Emperor himself," was the answer. "The refusal of a wooden fork," said Pellico, is more ridiculous than cruel: but your Excellency will see that we were not condemned to blindness, although to close confinement." "Yes, yes," replied the good Count, evidently moved at the observation; and involuntarily raising his hands to his spectacles, which he was never without, he took them off, and seeming at once to feel all the misery of poor Pellico's situation, he made a motion by which he appeared to say, "Accept them, and you will do me a favour." The prisoner squeezed the hand of the benevolent nobleman with an expression of the deepest gratitude, but refused the offer. Count Mitrowsky left the prison greatly affected, and Pellico soon after received his own spectacles, and Maroncelli his eye-glass, which had been taken from him at the same time. The wooden forks, however, could not be obtained.—It is mentioned as a curious circumstance, that Lafayette, during the five years and a half that he was confined in the Castle of Olmütz, was not allowed the use of a wooden fork for either himself or his family. The Commandante, seeing him one day at his dinner, asked him if it did not appear something new to him to eat with his fingers; "Not at all," said the General, "for in America I have seen the Iroquois eat in this manner."

Another instance of petty cruelty is given in the following anecdote of their fellow prisoner, Confalonieri. He had been condemned to death; and the entreaties with which his Countess had sought the interference of the Empress were found to be unavailing. She was then at Vienna, and the information respecting her husband's sentence reached her at a late hour of the night. In an agony of grief, she flew to the palace, disregarding both the hour, and the difficulties which stood in the way of her seeing the Empress. Her passionate exclamations of despair proved irresistible. The Empress, having listened to her appeal, withdrew to the chamber of her consort, and, after some time, returned, with a remission of the sentence of death for that of imprisonment. Who can say what were the feelings of the almost distracted wife on receiving this boon of mercy? But the messenger with the order for Confalonieri's immediate execution had already been despatched to Milan. In an instant she was in a carriage, and on the road to that city. Taking nothing for her support but a little liquid, refusing repose, and paying the postillions five or six times more than their usual demand, she reached her

destination at the very juncture when her husband was preparing for the fatal stroke. But throughout the whole of her painful journey her head, throbbing with anguish, had rested on a little pillow, which, by the time she arrived at Milan, was saturated with her tears. This pillow her husband took with him to his dungeon: it was the only comfort he possessed as he lay chained on his straw; and successive superintendents left it untouched. At length the Baron von Vogel came; the little pillow was declared irregular, and the unfortunate captive was at once deprived of what was to him a treasure of inestimable worth.

Pellico is to be found in every part of Maroncelli's book; but in such brief observations and anecdotes, that it must be fairly read through before a notion can be formed of the strict union existing between these amiable men. If we could find fault with a work which exhibits so much mind and such amiable sentiments as this of Maroncelli, we should certainly say that it is very inartificially put together, and that it only presents to the eye, at first sight, a collection of ill-connected little pamphlets. But we can pardon errors of this kind when there is real worth in the matter; and though we should have been able to make better use of a book better compiled, we can recommend it to the readers of Italian as abounding in interesting anecdote.

We would willingly, upon any other occasion, have offered a few words of criticism on, and a few translated specimens from, the 'Francesca da Rimini,' and the 'Eufemia di Messina,' which are subjoined to this volume. The former, indeed, is a work of a high order—full of beauty and that delicacy of sentiment which none but refined minds can reach; nor is it wanting in the fire which is essential to a drama—but we are in no humour to "dally with words," and a better opportunity may hereafter offer, as we have heard that Mr. Wright, the able translator of Dante, has some thoughts of giving a translation of these dramas to the public.

Ovid's Fasti, with Notes; and an Introduction, by T. Keightley, Esq. Dublin: Milliken & Co.

The Select Orations of Cicero; with Notes, by the Rev. M. M'Kay. Dublin: Wakenman.

The Germany and Agricola of Tacitus; with a Translation and Notes, by D. Spillan, Esq. Same Publisher.

The contributions of the Irish University to classical literature are proverbially rare—it is but justice to add, that they have been, in most instances, valuable. Leland's Translation of Demosthenes, and his Life of Philip, rank among the standard works of our language; Walker's Livy is the best edition of the Roman historian, and his Selections from Lucian a perfect model for a school-book. The great reform effected by Dr. Lloyd in the University, has given a new impulse to the Irish scholars; and we have before us three very creditable editions of important classical works, edited, printed, and published in Dublin, yet fit to compete with any similar productions of the English press.

Ovid's *Fasti* is perhaps the most truly national of any Latin poem,—not that he escaped the Hellenic mania of the Augustan

age, but because his genius disdained the trammels of imitation; and he therefore loved more the untouched legends of Italy, than the hackneyed fables of the Greek mythology. A better editor for such a work than Mr. Keightley could scarcely be found; he is the only English writer that has treated the subject of mythology philosophically; and his articles on Niebuhr in the *Foreign Quarterly* evince an intimate acquaintance with the early history of Latium and Roman antiquities. The Introduction is replete with useful information; the Notes brief, but satisfactory: the student obtains from them all the assistance necessary to understand the author; and his attention is never distract by superfluous dissertations.

Of M'Kay's *Cicero* we can give an equally favourable account. The Delphin edition of the Roman orator was originally bad; and the typographical blunders perpetuated through successive editions rendered many passages perfectly unintelligible. Mr. M'Kay's first task was to obtain an accurate text, and he judiciously adopted that of Orellius, published at Zurich in 1826. His Notes are strictly limited to the explanation of the text;—excursive commentary has been of late so common a fault, that we rejoice to find any editors free from this error. Altogether, this is the best edition of Cicero, for the use of students, that has yet been published.

The translation of Tacitus is executed with great spirit and fidelity; but, in his Notes, Mr. Spillan has fallen into the grave error of laborious trifling. The three works before us are very neatly printed—a merit sufficiently rare in Irish books: if Dublin can produce such favourable specimens of typography, it may have a chance of rivalling Edinburgh in the production of books.

Memoirs of Marshal Ney, illustrated with Portrait, Maps and Plans. 2 vols. Bull.

IT is some months since we noticed the original French edition of this valuable work; it has since been highly praised in *Blackwood*; and *The Times*, we observe, has this week done justice to its merits, and to the very excellent translation published by Mr. Bull.

The Reform. By John Galt. Fraser. This is 'The Member,' and 'The Radical' bound together. All sorts of Political Unions, Mr. Galt says, are the fashion, and he hopes this may be to the taste of the public.

A Practical Summary of the Stamp Duties, alphabetically arranged. By J. H. Brady. London; Hurst.

We are not competent to determine on the accuracy of this work, but, presuming that it is accurate, which we have no reason to doubt, it must be a very useful one.

A Popular Introduction to the Study of Quadrupeds. Printed for the Religious Tract Society.

"The greatest mischiefs that I have witnessed," said an old divine, "were perpetrated with the best intentions by well-disposed people." He can scarcely be said to have exaggerated. It is easy to expose the fallacies of a charlatan, or detect the artifice of an impostor, but downright honest enthusiasm defies reason and argument, and therefore, nothing but experience can efficiently expose its errors or demonstrate the evil of its proceedings. Of the Religious Tract Society as a body, we are inclined to speak with

† See *Athenæum*, Nos. 301, 302.

respect—we have no doubt it is entitled to all the merit that is consequent on purity of motive and benevolence of design; but, a cursory glance at the publications of the Society, is sufficient to show us that here the list of its merits must close—that if utter nothingness could with truth be predicated of its actions, it would be an advantage. It is, it appears, the rule of the Society, that every publication shall have a decidedly religious character, and we are not inclined to object; but when, under this rule, the young reader is led into the discussion of the mysteries of faith, in season and out of season—when the awful subject of human redemption is used incidentally to illustrate the history of monkeys—the dangers to which the soul is exposed, are brought to explain bear-fighting—and the beautiful parable of “the pearl of great price,” is dragged into a description of a sable-hunt, we say that the rule is violated, that such a style has an irreligious tendency. “Deference,” says Swift, “flies before familiarity, like the sensitive plant at the approach of the finger;” and the Tract Society may be assured, that if they succeed in making religious phrases familiar as household words, they will render religious subjects as little sacred as household things.

Let it not be imagined, that we deny the close connexion between the works of creation and the attributes of the Creator; perhaps no branch of science more fully displays the wisdom and the goodness, as well as the power, of God, than Natural History; but it teaches nothing of the doctrines which we derive solely from revelation; and the attempt to unite doctrinal points with a description of quadrupeds can only end in giving us bad science and worse theology. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following, describing the dangers to which the monkey tribe is exposed:—

“ Amongst the beasts of prey, the leopard and panther are most to be dreaded; the monkey is their favourite food; creeping cat-like along the branches, they surprise it when asleep; or they lie in ambush among the leaves; or crouch at the river’s brink, keeping up an incessant warfare, and affording a perpetual source of terror and caution. Thus it is with the christian; he is encompassed with enemies more malignant than the leopard, for ‘ not only does Satan go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;’ but he bears a foe within—his own evil nature; against which, he must be watchful and vigilant, and to overcome which, he needs the grace of God, which is promised to all who seek in the appointed way. The world too is against him, endeavouring to ensnare him with its allurements; at every step he takes, he finds the ministers of sin and pleasure waiting to pounce upon him; they lurk in the mart, in the counting-house, in the shop; they lurk in the splendid mansion, and in the humble cottage. Ambition crouches behind the monument of the patriot; ostentation in the bowers of charity; avarice in the gardens of industry. How shall the christian escape? Christ has opened the way. His grace is all sufficient. To return to our subject. We have already stated the race of monkeys to be extremely numerous as to species.”

Of the author of such a farrago, it is unnecessary to speak. But the Society must surely have among its members some men of ordinary capacities: to such we say, look at the passage we have quoted; see what subjects are there united in degrading associations! Is it not as likely that the young will remember the monkeys, when they hear these doctrines mentioned, as that they will learn the doctrines from the history of monkeys? If you can do no better than this, do nothing,—remembering the Scotch proverb, that there is a certain class of men who should never meddle with chopping sticks.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BRITISH NOVELS AND ROMANCES—Continued from No. 316, p. 777.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD is no sighing sister like Hannah More, but a kindly and gladsome lady, who promotes the happiness of the nation by her hearty sketches of domestic manners, rural pursuits, village pastimes and her all but living portraits of cottage dames and rustic husbandmen. In doing this, she is promoting morality and true devotion, more than if she were to come abroad in a religious allegory, and prove to the world that we are sunk in folly and sin, and that hell is gaping for the nine-tenths of mankind. She commits no such folly: she takes a walk down the greenwood glades, drops into the smoking cottage, sees the healthy child in the cradle and the fatpot on the fire, and the thrifty housewife presiding over all; she extends her walk to the fields—sees the shepherd on his hill, the rustic at the plough, eyes the growing crops, aids the farmer in calculating the promise of the year, and returns home through the village, where the hinds play at bowls, publicans burnish their pewter, and some staid old squire, who loves to look on his patrimonial timber, comes sauntering along, and gossips with her about merry old times, and resolves, from something which she has said, to send a Christmas log and a junk of beef to all his poor neighbours. No one has painted with such a true hand, and in such natural colours, the joys and sorrows which crowd the landscape of humble life; she has looked through and through society, and the result is those sketches and tales which vindicate Old England from the aspersions of Crabbé. Those who desire to feel how the unsophisticated heart of the country beats—who wish to see the peasantry at wakes, and fairs, and festivals, must have recourse to the works of this accomplished authoress. She is no dealer in the poetical and the lofty—she limns us no high-souled maidens, mourning under the moon, and sighing out fantastic woe; on the contrary, she deals in the sober realities of existence, and uses colours of a modest and quaker-like hue. Neither does she seem anxious about strong contrasts or studied effects: yet all is in unity and strict harmony. That she does not study this, would be to say, that she is not a mistress of the art in which she excels: we have all the effect of study without its appearance; every incident drops naturally into its place, and every portrait takes up its individual position. To all this she unites admirable good sense, and a thoughtfulness and penetration alike original and pleasing.

She made her first débüt as a poetess; and no doubt the practice of “the art unteachable, untaught,” introduced her to the study of character and scene, in which she has since excelled. It also taught her, what it taught Franklin—a graphic truth of language and readiness of illustration, peculiar to poets who excel in prose. It is not alone as a mistress in the art of domestic fiction that we have to regard her: she has made a strong impression on the public mind as a dramatist, and has witnessed the slope of wet faces from the pit to the roof, of which Cowper speaks as the accompaniment of a well-written and well-acted tragedy. She is, perhaps, not quite aware of the deep hold which her compositions have taken of the heart of the country. One friend of mine (Ritchie), now in the grave, proved himself a stern and stubborn critic in all works save those of Miss Mitford—Mary Mitford, as he loved to call her. “How could I be otherwise than kind?” said he, the last time I had the joy of meeting him, “she speaks to the heart and to the understanding, and deals in rational beings and landscapes, such as a plain man may

hope to see without going to another world. She is the only painter of true English nature that I know of: the rest are splendid daubers—all light and shade, darkness and sunshine; Mary Mitford gives the land and the people, and for that I honour her.”

THEODORE HOOK may be compared, for the sake of contrast, with Miss Mitford: she is of the country, he is of the town; she paints life in its more natural state—he limns it plumed, padded, and jewelled; she bids nature speak in a free unsophisticated way—he opens the lips of his pert misses and mincing madams, and they utter the affectations of artificial life. Mitford is of God, and Hook is of man—we mean no more than that both are true in their delineations: for Theodore’s page mirrors back the patched face and false love-locks of this great city, with as much clearness as that of Mary reflects country sun-burned beauties, with corn braided in their locks at harvest-home. It would not be easy to find another artist with ability equal to Hook’s for discussing the good and evil, the passions and affectations, the fits of generosity and settled systems of saving, the self-sufficiency and the deplorable weakness, the light and darkness, the virtue and the vice, of this prodigious Babel. The stories which he tells might be invented with little outlay of fancy, for the best of them are far from being either clear or consistent; but the characters, which live and breathe in them, would make the narratives pleasing, though they were as crooked as the walls of Troy. How skilfully he unfolds the character of his man of a million in fixed and floating capital; unbuttons him by degrees; shows him in his counting-house, amid his slender clerks, allowing his goodly waistcoat, stuffed with wine and venison, to project upon the desk before him, while, with spectacles on nose, he runs his calculating eyes up the fertile columns of a balanced account, and grunting approbation, signs his name to his twelvemonths’ profit, six figures deep, takes the arm of his chief clerk to help him into his low-hung carriage, which moves off with groaning springs to his country box crowning a pleasant lawn, where he dozes and dreams of other speculations and heavier gains.

Hook’s defects are those of his subject more than of himself. He chooses to write of what he knows best; and cannot imagine, and scarcely cares, how he is felt by the country bred, and those whom London has not sharpened till their fingers are like fish-hooks. He speaks a language, and writes of a people, not understood, and nearly unknown, to the shepherd, the husbandman, the mechanic, and the farmer. They cannot comprehend the affected manners which he paints, or imagine what sort of unhappy creatures he lives among—they are of the pitchfork, he of the silver fork, school. He ridicules all who eat without silver plate, or convey their meat to their mouth in the readiest way; they, on the contrary, laugh at the follies of the wealthy, and seem disposed, at a feast, to eat, like the heroes in Virgil, their plates as well as their meat. These frivolities cross us frequently in Hook’s works; and we never meet them but they remind us of the penalty which those must pay who deal with the husk of society and not with the heart. Such touches of manners and fashion, are like the hooped petticoats, the lead-loaded sleeves, and the touped locks of our grandmothers—they are dropped and forgotten; nothing is lasting but natural emotion and the language of the heart. Hook

has other claims to our notice than for fictions respecting town life: he is remarkable for his agreeable manners and his ready wit; his jokes are as numerous, and sometimes as good, as those of Joe Miller—indeed, booksellers talk of drawing the city puns up in rank and file, under the command of Theodore Hook. In extempore verse he is wondrously expert; give him a bottle of champagne and a subject, and he finds rhymes and air, and acquires himself with no little happiness. The squibs and lampoons ascribed to him are not few; but no doubt his name is compelled to carry the lead of others along with his own gold.

Perhaps a greater contrast to Miss Mitford and Mr. Hook cannot well be named than JAMES HOGG. He sees the world under a light which never shone for them: and, though all that he writes is from nature, from what he sees, feels, and imagines, his nature is not their nature; in short, he has nothing in common with them, not even the language! He speaks, indeed, as others do of shepherd maid and shepherd swains; he introduces them into his stories, with their hopes, their fears, their notions, and their whims, and puts the earth below them and the heaven above them; but then he throws a spell into the air, and shows the works of his hand by a supernatural light—a halo, such as no one else has at command. This is the wizard light which leads him astray; he goes sauntering on under its influence, dry-footed himself, but heedless of the

Mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,

which lie in the way of his readers. He conveys his story well, and he gathers materials with diligence, but he has not the patience to modify the natural and the supernatural till they unite harmoniously; he tosses all into a wild heap, out of which no one can extract a clear and a probable story. This is the chief fault of his two prose romances, called, ‘The Three Perils of Man,’ and ‘The Three Perils of Woman;’ sometimes the structure which he designed to raise hovers like a shadowy edifice before the eye of the reader, who loses sight of it and hurries forward, then obtains a glimpse, perhaps, of one of the battlements, or of the portico, and has never the pleasure of beholding more. Another of his faults is, he is constantly labouring to create heroic characters, while he has not the remotest notion of what the heroic is; his cavaliers are fierce cut-throats or rude clowns, who no more resemble the true souls of fire and minds of nobility, than a clown’s clog resembles a lady’s silver-heeled slipper. He is subject, too, to strange fits of wandering; and it is his pleasure to indulge in long and unfruitful conversations, in which the story, instead of going forward, does worse even than stand still, for it travels back. Nor is he without other blemishes, which are slow to be forgiven by the world—he deals now and then in over-warm language and gross allusions, forgetting that the present century is the most decorous, at least in speech, of any of the nineteenth.

His faults are not few, his beauties are numerous, and some of them of a high order. He is quite an original in everything: all is unbought and unborrowed; he would not consider a style, or a sentiment, or a story even, as worth the trouble of carriage. He flies his own free flight, and will neither rise higher nor descend lower, for love or reproach. When he chooses to be simple and unaffected, there are few to match him: his ‘Wool-Gatherer,’ some of his ‘Winter Night’s Tales’—which, instead of lengthening the nights, as a surly critic averred, shortened them for thousands—his ‘Brownie of Bodsbeck,’ and, indeed, all his fictions, exhibit much of the innocence, and truth, and blamelessness of pastoral life. In his finer moods, no one has equalled him in the rare power of uniting the elegance

of superstitious fancy with the realities of life. But, then, were he to throw the mantle of his inspiration over Bow Church instead of Yarrow Hill, it would be a sad waste of his powers: he is for the country, and a country, too, where the people have imagination to keep a look-out, as Burns said he did, on suspicious places. He will, probably, be the last of the race of the imaginative: all poetic impulses of a high fancy are wearing out; a rail-road has been driven right through the land of dread, and the horn of the mail-coach sounds where fairies danced to the sound of their elfin minstrels.

As author of ‘Anastasius,’ THOMAS HOPE claims a place among the children of fiction. He has little in common, except talent, with our popular novelists; he seems to have formed his taste in a Greek school, kept by an oriental scholar: there is much that is classic, and but little that is English. The land over which his hero is conducted is a foreign soil, and we imagine that he walks, and looks, and converses, with a native air, because we are ourselves little acquainted with the country and the people. Hope has a pure and a quick fancy, and maintains the spirit and manner of his characters with remarkable consistency and truth. “It would be impossible,” says Gifford, “to turn over a score of pages without encountering some happy sketch of character, some originality of thought, or some sentiment, if not entirely new, yet invested with much of the charm of novelty, by the slyness of insinuation and shrewdness of expression in which it is conveyed.” The faults of the work are two-fold: the chief character is a cold-hearted scoundrel, whom we loathe from our soul, and the language is neither prose nor poetry, but a

Babylonian dialect,

Which learned pedants most affect.

He was an accomplished gentleman, of much taste in the fine arts, and liberal, generous and humane.

Of the ‘Vathek’ of BECKFORD England cannot well claim the inspiration; for, though its words are hers, all that renders those words touching or expressive is of another land. It is little known, and was never popular with the public; it has admirers among the ingenious and the travelled, who can appreciate its merits, and feel its claims to originality.

Of another kind, and a far different school, is JOHN GALT, author of the ‘Annals of the Parish,’ ‘Sir Andrew Wylye,’ and ‘Lawrie Todd.’ He has no classic predilections, and sets up no favourite author as a model; he aims at no studied elegance of phrase, cares nothing for formal accuracy of costume, seems not at all solicitous about the dignity of human nature, and thinks chivalry a joke. He leaves all these matters to take care of themselves, and sets to work to read us a chapter of living life, like one sure of securing listeners. There can be nothing more simple than the way in which he commences his enchantments: he contents himself, like the mariner of the glittering eye, with starting from no ‘vantage ground.’ “There was a man,” quoth he, and away he goes, looking neither to the right for fine things, nor to the left for the picturesque, but fixing his eye steadily on the object before him. As he proceeds we begin to feel his sorcery; the characters, ordinary looking, and promising to be bores at first, gradually unfold their peculiarities; the simplicity of one, the dry humour of a second, the worldly wisdom of a third, and the sly selfishness of a fourth, grow upon us; our brow, at first clouded and doubting, begins to clear up; we find things to smile at; touches of quiet humour, sharp, sarcastic raps, happy, natural passages work their good work; we smile—then

laugh outright, and think of nothing else till we find the author at the end of his work, and the singular web of fiction woven.

In all the history of literature, I know nothing more real, and in better truth and good keeping, than the ‘Annals of the Parish;’ ‘The Ayrshire Legatees’ has something of the same, and so has ‘The Provost.’ The Rev. Mical Balwhidder is a man by himself. Blessed with experience in wives, and living in rather a retired parish, the good man pursues the even tenor of his way, marvelling at nothing which would have made others marvel, and wondering where there was little cause for wondering. He sees the French Revolution burst around, and likens it to the rise in tobacco consequent on a war which took place, he was told, in the West; one Mrs. Balwhidder dies, and he supplies her place, at the end of a year and a day, from the contents of a neighbouring pew in the kirk: in short, nothing disturbs his tranquillity, save such whiffing matters as should not move it. All the other works of the author share largely in this sort of quiet originality, but they are more stirring and ambitious, and aspire to the historical and the national: his ‘Southennan,’ ‘Sir Andrew Wylye,’ ‘Stanley Buxton,’ ‘Ringan Gilhaize,’ and others, unite history with romance, and give us a picture of the times, and detail some of the events which influenced the weal or woe of the country. I am of those, and I suspect they are not few, who prefer this author’s domestic to his historical delineations: in detailing private adventures he is all but unrivalled; all is easy, flowing, and unaffected; characters burst out as thick as buds in a May morning, and the lively din of gossip commences, which we wish may run on for ever. In heroics he is like a man in mail; his motions are constrained, and his step is measured, and what he does he seems to do with difficulty. He makes his heroes perform acts not at all in keeping with their characters: for instance, Ringan Gilhaize, at the battle of Killiecrankie, snaps his carbine from behind a fence at Claverhouse—then hammers his flint, tries again, and it burns priming—at last it goes off, and the reader almost cries “Murder!” He loads the character, too, of Archbishop Sharpe with more varied infamy than necessary; the spirit of persecution, which was strong within him, gave darkness sufficient for the purposes of romance.

The genius of Galt is not exclusively Scottish, though critics aver that his works wear the northern livery, and breathe of the west. Much of the language is, indeed, peculiar, but the characters, slightly modified by situation, are those common to all the world. The conception of his ‘Lawrie Todd’ is as natural as it is poetic; he has the spirit of a hero of romance, and, though small of stature and weak of body, and deformed likewise, he marches away into the great western wilderness of America, and, calling his head into action, causes desolation to vanish and cultivation to appear, and for the reign of the lynx and the bear, establishes that of man. Galt’s great charm resides in his dramatic conversations; to listen to his old dames—speaking of their own experiences in life, and of their influence in other days, and every now and then all but pitying the lack of good looks, and the absence of mental endowments, and the little inclination to thrift, among the living race of blooming spinsters—is to put one’s self under the wand of the enchanter, for from him there is no escape. In person Mr. Galt is tall, his looks manly, his conversation fluent; he is a steady friend, and an agreeable companion.

I should like to live in a world of JOHN WILSON’s making: how lovely would be the hills, how romantic the mountains, how clear the skies, how beauteous the light of the half-risen sun how full of Paradise the vales, and of music the

streams! The song of the birds would be forever heard, the bound of the deer for ever seen; thistles would refuse to grow, and hail-showers to descend; while, amid the whole, woman would walk a pure and unspotted creature, clothed with loveliness as with a garment, the flowers desirous of being pressed by her white feet, the wind feeling enriched by her breath, while the eagle above would hesitate to pounce upon the lambs, charmed into a dove by the presence of beauty and innocence. Is this too fair a picture of the works in prose fiction of Wilson—the gay, the witty, the critical, the ironical, the eloquent? No; it is but a daub compared to the splendid pictures which he sends forth to the world. In the presence of the works of Wilson the second, the landscapes of Wilson the first are shorn of their beams: the poetry of him of Wales is surpassed by him of Scotland; and all the colours of the Academy could not rival the harmonious magnificence of the landscape for which the Professor spreads his palette. He is the most imaginative of all our writers of fiction; to all that is lovely in the realms of reality he unites all that is ethereal in the dominions of fancy; he looks on nature with the affectionate eye of a true poet, and, leaving the thorns, and briars, and puddles, to the Crabbies of romance, gives us only what is considered beauteous by a mind filled with the divinity of beauty. This is the excellence, and it is also the defect, of the romantic tales of Wilson. The rose has its thorn, and human nature its foibles and its follies. He has too much of ideal loveliness—too much of the poetic abstract of perfection, and too little of men and manners, of passions and of opinions—of the leaven of common life: these are to the poetical in tale telling, what the husk is to the nut, to protect and adorn it by contrast. Apples are more beautiful hanging on the tree amid all their leaves, than when plucked and placed in a heap, though diffusing odour all around. Wilson addresses himself to minds almost exclusively poetic; he knows—none better—that the world is somewhat prosaic and dull, and loth to applaud the sublime flights of fancy; nay, like the cow in the flower garden, it treads the most fragrant and lovely things—lilies, roses, and what not—down with its great cloven hoofs, and hurries to the beds of cabbage and kale. He has skill and talent fit for uniting the prose and poetry of life together: see with what fine tact and ready wit he deals out his sallies of humour, and sarcasm, and praise, and criticism, in his dramatic papers, so long the charm in *Blackwood*.

The chief prose works of Wilson are the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life and Character," "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," and "The Foresters." They are justly popular. They are works of a fine fancy, and of a heart bathed in the sweetest things of nature. They are full, too, of human interest; the lovely creatures whom he depicts, are not made to fill up hall-rooms and head the dance: they are endowed with warm affections, and perform the parts of wives, and daughters, and true loves, with all the nature, and with ten times more grace than they are performed in polished life. His pathos and his tenderness are all his own, and promise to endure; many of his characters, particularly those of women, are original and peculiar; they are all sensible of the charms of mildness and modesty, and walk in loveliness as the sun in light. All the grand elements of genius are in Wilson: he has shown great and various powers: he may be whatever he chooses to be, save young again; but then the pleasure is, he is far from old. His dramatic talents are as great as his other poems, and in poetic criticism he excels.

HORACE SMITH became known to the world by his successful parodies on some of the chief

poets; and so close were his imitations, that some of them might have been mistaken for the work of Crabbe and Scott—they were like as lark resembles lark. In his imitation of Scott as a romance writer he was in earnest, but not so successful: and yet he achieved much. In his "Brambletye House," "Tor Hill," and other tales, he constructed his stories with skill, placed his characters at their proper posts, combined into one clear and comprehensive narrative, a succession of incidents, domestic and historic, and gave the whole the hue and costume of the times in which they were laid. But he lacked somewhat of the air and life which distinguish the narratives of the great magician of the north: he had the shape, and hue, and look, and but little more; he mustered his forces, but they marched like raw recruits, rather than disciplined heroes: the reader felt conscious that they were described, rather than exhibited; he took them not into his friendship, nor spoke of them as new acquaintances. The want of reality is a sore want; yet, in several instances, the author showed that he could both create and feel; in his female characters nature triumphed—he drew them from flesh and blood, and not from tapestry; their words and actions continue with us, while we remember but the outlines of his Roundheads and Cavaliers. There is an occasional excess of the descriptive in his stories, and this is true of his characters as well as of his scenes: in equipping his warriors, he enumerates their weapons, and by whom made, and wearies us with delineations of halls and chambers, and lines of road, and plots of garden ground. He is, nevertheless, a good describer, has considerable humour, not a little wit, a quick eye for the ludicrous, and a sympathy with noble natures and heroic deeds, which give him a worthy place among the novelists of these prolific times. He is famous for lively sallies in rhyme, and for pictures of city life and manners in both prose and verse.

On the novels of JOHN BANIM the world has pronounced, on the whole, a very favourable opinion; and, as it seems not to have been taken hastily up, nor to have been influenced improperly, the opinion may be deemed deliberate and right. Yet I have heard him spoken of as the greatest of all novelists, when the greatest that ever lived was still living; and I have, likewise, heard him condemned, as prolix, extravagant, and unnatural. It is not easy to decide, where such difference of opinion is entertained among men of taste; but it is quite easy to see in the works of Banim, extraordinary breadth, and dramatic power, and life-like vigour of character, and yet feel that he overflows with words, says a hundred idle things, and pursues conversations till they grow tedious and want coherence and proportion. It is not from what he seems in the eyes of the English nation that he ought to be judged, but from what estimation he has won among those whose manners he has described, and to whom he has given strong passions, indignant bursts of patriotism, and overflows of tenderness and love. The character of the two islands is in many things different, and works which profess to reflect the spirit, and manners, and feelings of the Irish, should be judged in the spirit of those they personate. To me, the wild fits of despair and exultation, of enthusiasm and despondency, of generosity and guile, which are so abundant in the "O'Hara Tales," and other stories from the same author, are seriously overstrained, and sometimes unnatural, though redeemed by ten thousand touches of truth and feeling. Yet I have no doubt—indeed I know it—that they have much of the Green Isle in them, and must be looked upon, in many respects, as strictly historic as well as domestic. It would have been better, however, had it been the pleasure

of the author, to have sobered them down a little—there is more wild action, wild speaking, and passion, and impulse, than is graceful and becoming.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER has vigorous and varied powers; in all that he has touched on he has shown great mastery; his sense of the noble, the beautiful, or the ludicrous, is strong; he can move at will into the solemn or the sarcastic; he is equally excellent in describing a court or a cottage; and is familiar with gold spurs and with clouted shoon. He unites all his many-coloured materials with the same skill that he shows in collecting them; while through the whole may be seen,—now bright, now dim, —the lights of a free and active fancy. In one work he hies off the court and the parliament, where ladies wave their plumes and the eloquent are on their feet; in a second, he depicts London in the darkness of night, when the wise with their follies, and the vicious with their plots, are all abroad, and the sharper and the shameless wanton come out for prey; and in the third he has introduced us to the proud and the ingenuous, debased by poverty and stained by crime, and exhibited them on the racks of their conscience, more terrible than all the tortures of the law. He is young; but his life has been one of observation: he has all the knowledge which learning can afford, adorned by a genius elegant and poetical. He brings the powers of the poet to aid in all his delineations; and while he bestows life on whatever he touches, and lends the tongue of nature to his characters, he has generally a moral aim, which we feel rather than perceive—it is the morality of example both in virtue and in vice. His language is free, expressive, and bold; he abounds in happy passages; nor do they cost him any effort.

This is high praise; there are, however, sundry drawbacks. If he has great strength, he has also great weakness: his taste seems a wandering light, now glancing on castle tops, mountain heads, and on all that is beautiful and grand; then shining on swamps, fens, and the "green mantle of the standing pool." As soon as he says something noble, he hastens to say something low; into grave discussions he introduces idle conversations; and for the sake of a smart or a forward thing, scruples not to let dignity fall like Dagon. The materials out of which he constructs his edifice are not all of a kind; he mixes polished marble with scabbed sand-stone, and resembles the Romans when they repaired the breaches of the besiegers in their walls with gods and paving-stones, altars of porphyry and broken bricks. We are struck with his extensive acquaintance with the world, and the fine views which he takes on civil policy and social life; but we are soon made to feel the presence of something jarring and unwelcome; and this is as observable in his late work on the Manners, Literature, and Arts of England as in his novels.

Bulwer is devoted to the cause of literature: all his speeches allude to it; his motions in parliament refer to it; and, in private as well as public life, he is its warm and eloquent advocate. No one has shown with such singular boldness, and ready wit, and indignant invective, the degraded condition of the literary men of this island; in other lands, to be inspired is an honour—here it is shame. He seeks to give mind its empire, and to elevate natural genius in Britain as it is in other lands. He shuts his eyes to the height of the mountain he has to remove before this can be accomplished, and works away with the same eagerness as if success were sure. In Britain, wealth or connexion is everything: all that gives dignity in the church, the army, and in the government, comes of pence or patronage. A man with the mind of Napoleon in war, the eloquence of Taylor in the pulpit, the genius of Shakspeare in song, or of Gibbon in history, has no more

chance for honour from government in this free isle than a common hedger or ditcher, unless with genius heaven sends wealth. To repair such crying evils as these, Bulwer has addressed himself. I wish him strength and success.

The fictions of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART are very various; they seem all to be the work of different hands, both in conception and finish: they show much knowledge of human life; an acquaintance with all literature that can be called elegant; a sense of the beautiful as well as of the ludicrous; a heart open to the nobler sensations, and an imagination which unites the realities of the visible with the shadowy splendour of the invisible world. He is skilful in delineating the passions; no one can put what is necessary to be said in fewer or clearer words; his scenes are of many kinds, and all of great force, and some of them of singular tenderness; his characters are of a condition humble or high, as it happens, and more or less emblazoned with the peculiarities of their education; but in the moments of emotion nature triumphs and asserts her birthright; nor has he hesitated to look, at times, sternly or sarcastically on man and his ways, showing that with him the spirit of the age has had its influence.

His works are not numerous; and like the Inigo of Jonson, who stood not on his Latin, he stands not on his fictions, but regards them as the hurried effusions of youth, unripe and unstudied. This may be the case with 'Peter's Letters'—a work which touches on all such matters as caught his eye or touched his fancy during a real or imaginary excursion in the north. The work is all life and character, and about as various as can well be: it treats of courts of law and Glasgow punch; craniology and criticism; tells us how to woo a bride or cut up a haggis; and gives us the pictures, mental and bodily, of some of the leading men of Scotland with great truth and effect. It is a singular hotch-potch, and full of wit and humour. 'Valerius' seems the product of quite a different mind; it is learned, yet the learning never weighs down the narrative: it is an image of the domestic condition of the nobler Romans in the days of the Caesars; but though the skeleton was dug out of the grave, he has clothed it so dexterously with flesh and muscle, and breathed into it so strongly the breath of life, that it seems the work of nature. 'Adam Blair' is after another fashion; but, amid scenes of dramatic talent, and passages impressed with the finest sensibilities, there is evidence now and then of the distempered feeling of the German school. 'Reginald Dalton' was his last work, and exhibits talents of an order admirably fitted to excel in the study of fiction; but Lockhart was called to another destiny—to judge rather than invent; and seems not to have been unwilling to lay down the enchanter's wand and take up the critic's rod.

The variety of character and rapid march of narrative in these works, together with the images which they place before us of man and his passions, were not more welcome to the world than the clear, concise, and direct language in which they are written. Frequently, like Swift, the author scorns all figures of speech or poetic embellishment, and delivers his sentiments in free and nervous language; and sometimes the sense of embellished beauty so far overcomes his natural inclination for simplicity, that he indulges in flowers,

And comprehends a world of figures.

These snatches are exquisitely beautiful at times; and much as I admire the sinewy vigour of his plainer style, I wish the muse were more frequently with him, for she inspires him with language equally natural and infinitely more beautiful. Though he has not published volumes of verse, he is in every sense of the word a poet;

and it cannot be otherwise than painful to him to pen a criticism when he should write a stanza. His translations of the Spanish and Moorish Ballads have all the simplicity, and energy, and picturesque beauty, and more than the flow of the ballads of the Border. The fine old Bible English into which he has rendered them, gives the antique hue so natural and becoming in the old minstrels; all other translations fade away before them.

Were BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI to write nothing more than 'Vivian Grey,' 'Contarini Fleming,' and 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' he would deserve a place among imaginative writers, for there is fine poetic feeling and much brightness of fancy in all these works. But it has been his pleasure to try experiments in writing, and these we all know are dangerous; to forsake the beaten path of thought and the common style of language, was a bold thing, and could only be justified by success. 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy' wears this new costume; and though in many eyes it is strange and fantastic, we cannot but say that the flowing robe of the Asiatic is as much to our mind as the nipped and clipped, and lapelled and puckered dress of the European. He was, however, too bold; he pushed the advantages of the poetic style too far, and indulged in too many eastern figures and flights; when his judgment is riper,—for he is very young,—he will perhaps compromise the matter, and form an intermediate style, which will mingle European modesty of speech with the fervent language of the children of the sun. He has fine conceptions; and will sorely disappoint us if his fancy drops her wings and refuses to try another flight in the realms of fiction.

In J. P. R. JAMES we have a novelist of another kind; he belongs to the historical school of fiction, and, like the masters of the art, takes up a real person or a real event, and pursuing the source of history, makes out the intentions of nature by adding circumstances and heightening character, till, like a statue in the hands of the sculptor, the whole is in fair proportion, truth of sentiment and character. For this he has high qualities; an excellent taste, extensive knowledge of history, a right feeling of the chivalrous, and a heroic and a ready eye for the picturesque; his proprieties are admirable; his sympathy with whatever is high-souled and noble is deep and impressive. His best works are 'Richelieu' and 'Mary of Burgundy.'

'Salathiel,' by the REV. GEORGE CROLY, is a magnificent fiction: it is the tale of the Wandering Jew; and as its hero is doomed to long life and to much variety of fortune, he has seen a vast deal; and his story is of the destinies of nations as well as of his own feelings, experiences, and sorrows. There are many natural scenes, and passages tender and eloquent, but somewhat cold and stately; it abounds in descriptions on which all the splendours of fancy and language are lavished. The fault of the work is, there can be no sympathy with the adventures of one who suffers to fulfil a curse, and whose life, stretched on the rack of evil fortune, endures for centuries. We feel with Salathiel for eighty years and odd; and at the close of the usual term of human life, shut our hearts, and commence wondering. The author, in his poem of 'May Fair,' was more at home; it contains passages which, for condensed vigour of thought and language, and sharp severity of rebuke, are not to be paralleled in the 'Legion Club' of Swift.

In her Irish stories, MRS. HALL excels. Her rustic maidens are copied from the cottage; nothing can be more faithful and lively; nor are her hinds and husbandmen anything inferior:

we nowhere see the Irish character more justly or so pleasantly represented. She sees nature in proper dimensions; there is fancy, but no exaggeration, and life always.

These are not the whole, and some, I fear, are not the best of our living novelists; more than twenty contributors to our private amusement, and perhaps instruction, remain unnoticed, and must, I am grieved to say, be crowded together in one general notice. 'The Tremaine' of WARD; the 'Matilda' of LORD MULGRAVE; the 'Granby' of LISTER; and many of MRS. GORE's novels, are works in which the present state of society and manners is more or less clearly impressed: they are pictures of the time, and no more. Something of the same kind may be said even of 'The Kuzzilbash,' by FRASER; and the 'High-ways and By-ways' by GRATTAN. The 'Hajji Baba' of MORIER is different; and 'Tales and Confessions' of LEITCH RITCHIE, the 'Munster Festivals' of GRIFFIN, 'The Witch-finder' of GASPEY, and the 'Fairy Legends' by CROKER, are of another order: on some of the Legends a national character is impressed of a superstitious kind, which awakens poetic associations. The Naval Sketches of MARRYAT, GLASCOCK, CHAMIER, and BASIL HALL, are truths touched slightly by the fingers of fiction. The Author, too, of 'The Patrician at Sea,' has a maritime savour about his delineations. As I write wholly from memory, I have endeavoured to express no more than the impressions which a sometimes too hasty perusal has left on my mind; and I am afraid I have not only omitted to name some whom I admire, but probably interpreted erroneously the genius of some I have mentioned. Were I allowed to correct my negligence, I would do it in part by naming the Author of 'Elizabeth de Bruce,'—not so much for the merits of that pleasing work, but for the matchless, the inimitable dramatic introduction to Meg Dods. The supper in the manner of the ancients, and the colloquy between Friar Tuck and King Richard over the venison pasty, alone equal it.

I now prepare to descend from the heights of fiction into the vale of truth: I must leave the path of the eagle for the rail-road, and turn my eyes from the splendid hues of imagination to those of sober reality. The rainbow is no longer under my feet. I quit these regions with the less reluctance, since even among the fairy scenes of fancy and fiction, the Demon of Utility has set up his spinning-jennies, his steam-engines, and established the drab-coloured manufacture. The rivers made famous in many a song, and which run clear in the works of the muse, are now stained by the labours of the dyer; for crystal waters we have streams of yellow and blue, at which cattle hesitate to drink. In the fairy ring Watt and Boulton have placed a steam-engine of seventy-horse power; and Par-nassus, which the poet wished to be planted with vines, resounds with the printing presses employed in that original and intellectual work, the *Penny Magazine*. Some of those, however, who stand high among the poetic and the imaginative, I shall meet again in History, and Biography, and Criticism; for not a few of our leading spirits vindicate the description of genius given by Johnson—great general powers directed to some particular pursuit.

HISTORY.

THE British Historians of the last fifty years are numerous, and some of them of great original genius; but they are, in general, more remarkable for diligence than dignity; for graphic spirit of detail, than loftiness of sentiment or massive vigour of narration. The subjects on which they have expatiated are very various, and some of universal interest; but they may be accused of having seldom chosen one of a com-

plete or a commanding character; they have taken a portion, and but rarely the whole, and related the story of a settlement, or of an expedition, rather than the united fortunes of a whole people. We have political, religious, military, commercial, constitutional, and colonial histories, exhibiting religious animosities or party hues, and deformed by the sentiments of interest or prejudice; but none exhibiting in one picture the united energies of a great nation, in arts and arms, in commerce and policy. Though not so happy in the selection of subjects as some of their earlier brethren, it cannot be denied that they have shown research and learning both patient and extensive; neither will it be questioned, that in simplicity and ease of language, and dramatic liveliness of narrative, they have equalled the elder historians; yet, at the same time, it must be confessed, that they are inclined to be too gossiping, philosophic, minute, and controversial. Though they have not selected good subjects, it would be unfair to say that such are wanting; no one has thought of writing of that terrible war which shook the nations of Europe—we have had but some of the episodes; neither have we had a History of British Literature, of which the poetic portion was commenced by Warton. These omissions are rather a reproach to the nation than to its literary men; there is no public encouragement, and historians are more willing to follow taste than perish in dictating to it.

JOHN LINGARD has written a History of England, and spared neither research nor learning to render it accurate and enduring. He has other qualities; his sagacity is only equalled by his eloquence, and the simple and concise vigour of his language, by the lucid elegance of his arrangement; he wants the happy, unsolicited easiness of Hume, and the picturesque splendour of Gibbon; yet, in effect, he is scarcely inferior; and he has a certain historic dignity of manner united with vivid description. He had already prepared the way for his History, by the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' and in his 'Vindication of the Romish Church from the Attacks of Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Gloucester':—in the first, there is much research and peculiar erudition, and, in the latter, calmness and ability; but in both he gives distinct evidence of his more than sympathy with the fallen fortunes of the power of Rome in this country, and his dislike to the church which supplanted it. The learning and eloquence displayed in these works, and the love which was shown for the ancient church, induced the world to expect from his History of England a clear and equable narrative of events, written in a style at once agreeable and nervous, and displaying on every page industry, learning, and acuteness; showing a spirit which refused to drink at modern wells, but went at once to the fountain head of old intelligences; but with these high expectations was coupled a fear that the Roman Catholic sympathies of the historian would be more than shown in his allusions to all that concerned the interests or honour of his church; and without believing that he would forsake the paths of truth, it was dreaded, that in his portraits his colours would be brighter and his expression diviner than candour warranted. In neither of these matters has the world been disappointed.

As volume followed volume of this new history, it was observed, with much regret, that the historian contemplated the growing freedom of the Commons of England with coldness, if not with dislike, and reserved his love and warmth for the struggles which the Churchmen maintained so long and so successfully against their earthly king in favour of their spiritual one. Under the banner of the Pope he marches boldly to battle, like one who, in such a cause, had a charmed life and a blessed sword; but,

under the banner of the King, when displayed against the usurpation of the hierarchy, he steps like a conscript, and looks like one who knew his sword was blunt and his armour not proof. He is ready to aid no one but the clergy in pulling down kings; and he only does this, that he may raise up a clerical idol in their stead. The account which he gives of the quarrel of Edwy with Dunstan is more favourable to that turbulent and seditious saint than ancient history warrants; and his narrative of the bloody day of St. Bartholomew may be called an apology for the massacre. Humanity, it is true, whispers a kind-hearted writer to adopt the least outrageous version of a story, surpassing in horror the darkest fictions of tragedy; but the humanity of Lingard is never awakened save when the church bell is rung; and those acquainted with the historians of the time, Catholic as well as Protestant, cannot but feel that he has misinterpreted the essential points, and represented a long-determined-upon deed of atrocity, which swept to a bloody grave at least thirty thousand innocent human beings, as a hasty resolution of the moment, and its martyrs as amounting to no more than ten thousand.

That Lingard should represent the Reformation as hurtful to the glory of the Catholic church cannot be wondered at, seeing that she was crushed in the contest; that he should represent it as unnecessary, is a marvel, and shows singular hardihood of assertion. He has not only done this, but he has endeavoured to prove that the fabric of the Romish Church is reared according to Scripture, and that the reformed structure stands on a shelving sand. Leaving this to be settled by divines and others conversant with holy writings in the learned tongues, it would not be difficult to prove, from the lips of the Romish hierarchy, that reformation was a necessary thing for the northern part of our island at least. In 1549 a provincial council was held, first in Linlithgow and then in Edinburgh, at which James Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, presided. There were present one archbishop, six bishops, two vicars-general, ten abbots and priors, three commendators, twenty-seven friars of different orders, besides professors, doctors, and licentiates in theology. This council sat long; its canons are remarkable on many accounts, and particularly for their preamble. It begins with the charge of St. Paul, Acts xx. 28, and then sets forth as the two prime causes of heresy—1. The corruption and profane lewdness of the clergy of almost every degree: 2. Their gross ignorance in all arts and sciences. 'Knox himself,' says the accurate Lord Hailes, 'could not have said anything more severe. Indeed, the first book of his history is little more than a rude and uncouth commentary on the two causes of heresy mentioned in the ecclesiastical canons.' Had the Romish church reformed itself, no ruder hand would have meddled with it; the hierarchy, instead of purifying the sacred places, and opening the gospels to the people, that he that ran might read, kindled a fire to burn unbelievers, which consumed themselves.

Nor is this the only charge which has been urged against the historian; his slavish affection for his church has blinded him in matters equally important; he looks with aversion or indifference on the bold struggles made by the people for freedom, and justifies the conduct of that fierce conqueror Edward the First, both in crushing the Welsh and in oppressing the Scotch. With Lingard, and with no one else of these times, the chiefs of Wales are rebels, and the heroes of Scotland traitors. He sees in the homage rendered for the northern counties of England, the submission for the whole of Scotland, and persists in imagining a jurisdiction which never existed, in the face of ten thousand facts. He is afraid to countenance the bold assertion of civil freedom made by the people of Scotland, lest he

should have to allow the same privilege in spiritual matters, though if he had reflected that the Pope claimed Scotland as the holder of the bones of St. Andrew, the historian would have paused perhaps before he conceded so much to one who only claimed through the sword. In truth, Dr. Lingard, with all his research and learning and genius, is but a monk of the fourteenth century as far as respects freedom civil and religious; he maintains the supremacy which the priests of Rome assumed over all the churches of Europe; he allows the thrones of princes to be justly shaken when papal thunder did it; and he advocates the celibacy of the clergy, though he could not but know, if he did not feel, that nature was like a fox chained up, and when freed, took wild indulgence for a little abstinence. Many, said Dryden, carry their virtue to a convent, and lose it there. The celibacy of ecclesiastics is a superstitious refinement on the law of God and nature; could men have been kept alive without food as well as without marriage, the same refinements would have forbidden eating and drinking. The passions, wild and strong, though restrained for a time, broke through all restraints, and the flagitious lives of the Romish clergy supplied themes for tradition and ballad even to writers of their own faith. 'When men become odious, they soon grow contemptible,' says Lord Hailes; 'and when the established clergy become contemptible in the eyes of the people, their existence depends upon the State.' The professional bigotry of this historian will injure his work in the eyes of posterity.

In vigour and variety of genius ROBERT SOUTHY has few equals. He ranks in poetry with the foremost; in criticism none can be named more sensible and accurate; in biography he is without rivals; while in history he occupies the first rank, and is on the right hand. His natural talents, as well as his acquirements, belong to the historic order; the simplicity and dignity of his sentiments and conceptions harmonize wondrously with his almost miraculous command of his mother tongue, and unite gracefully with learning more minute and extensive than has distinguished any historian since the days of Gibbon. The flowing ease and old English grace of his language have induced those who admire measured pomp of words to bring a charge of negligence against him which will not be entertained for a moment by one who studies his pages; there, all is simple, clear and harmonious; there is no *tiptoe* dignity, nor weak sentiments buckramed up with big words. His three great works, 'The History of the Peninsular War,' his 'Book of the Church,' and 'The History of Brazil,' should be studied by all who desire to know how History is composed; it was no sudden effort of imagination which raised structures so well proportioned, so beautiful, and so durable.

To 'The History of the Peninsular War' he brought not only an honest heart and clear judgment, and a feeling for whatever is heroic and free, but those powers of combination which reach far and wide, and enable a good historian, like a great general, to expand or gather together his strength, and conduct with ease the masses which he sets in motion. The scientific skill of a commander is visible in all the motions of Southy; he sees, as with the eye of an eagle from the cloud, the whole Peninsula spread out before him; he makes himself familiar with its mountains, its vales, its forests, its strengths natural and artificial; he looks on the people and their condition—weighs the nobles against the knave, and then proceeds to relate the fortunes of the land in its great contest for freedom with the greatest conqueror of modern times. This history, for accuracy of information, for living pictures of the encounters of the adverse

hosta, for pathetic truth of delineation, whether he records the fate of armies, or cities, or individuals, has not yet been equalled. It is true that some Spanish writers have questioned his accuracy, and that some critics at home have charged him with high colouring; that he cannot have the minute knowledge of many important things which native writers possess, and that he should take the part of the oppressed cannot be wondered at, and need not be extenuated. He loves his country, he loves national independence, and has written in the spirit of a free man; in all leading points he is correct;—nay, it is a marvel he is so correct, seeing that he had to gather his knowledge from many sources—had to reconcile the accounts of different parties, and decide between the statements of combatants who stood with wrath in their eyes and blood on their swords. Nor is his history a mere narrative only of martial movements and whirlwind descriptions of battles: it bears evidence of a mind “richly stored with the treasures of Spanish literature—the romantic chronicles, the religious legends, the wild traditions of Spanish lore, the deep-seated superstitions, the local associations, the ancient and present manners and feelings of the people, are all so familiar to him, that it would seem as if the temptation to dwell on them were irresistible whenever the casual mention of church or convent suggested the legend of its saint, or the scene of modern events recalled the memory of the olden times.” The censure indicated in this quotation is praise; these episodes throw sunshine upon the darkness of war; we inhale the fresh air of tradition or legend with delight, when half suffocated with the steams of carnage.

“The Book of the Church,” is distinguished by a deep reverence for the gospel, a love for religion, simple and pure as it came from Jesus, and for a dislike, amounting sometimes to loathing, to superstition which seeks to blind, and mislead, and domineer. To this work he came armed with all such lore as the subject required; and it is admitted that his portraits of the churches are exact in all essentials; vigorous without caricature, and minute without meanness. He has, it is true, given offence to many members of the Romish church by the freedom with which he has discussed liberty of conscience, and the opening of Scripture to English eyes; nor has he avoided touching the pride of dissenters, by his eulogy on the learning and scriptural dignity of the Church of England. As a Presbyterian myself, I feel nothing offended with a man so sincere and virtuous as Southey, when he maintains that his mother church is the image of Scripture: I am glad to see an advocate so wise, so learned, and so eloquent, rise up in the cause of truth; and though I feel persuaded that the simplicity of Presbyterianism is more according to the Gospels than the gorgeousness of Episcopalianism, I cannot look upon him otherwise than as a brother, seeing that we differ but in discipline. His difference regarding the Romish Church is another thing: the idols which he desired to see tossed indignantly out of the sanctuary, have been defended as things too divine to be parted with—and so the matter stands.

In unity, diversity, and originality, the ‘History of Brazil’ is the noblest of all the prose works of Southey. The fault which critics have found with it—namely, that it is a record of the movements of savage hordes, and the actions of invaders still more barbarous, is its greatest merit. The description is just; but the picture which the historian displays is one of the most vivid, most instructive, and original, in the whole range of our literature. Horde after horde of people, half-savage in manners, but noble in nature, pass in review before us: fine discrimination of character, and a spirit which perceives and paints difference of superstition, of manner,

and dispositions, in innumerable communities which, to an ordinary thinker, would seem one people, are the distinguishing features of the work; and to this must be added the change wrought upon them by Christian invaders, who sought to plunder them with one hand, and with the other to establish a superstition among them, in many things as gross and dark as their own. I have heard it said that the work is too long: he who made the remark could not have read it: variety of scene, change of character, romantic incident, and a succession of strange adventures, related in language simple and energetic, can never seem long to any reader who is not equally drowsy of eye and dull of intellect. The fine earnest tone, too, of the historian, shows how deeply he feels his subject; he is, in fact, master of it: he never strains and gasps like one in up-hill work; all is graceful and fluent; he is ever in his strength, and always at his ease. For some time he has been contemplating the continuation of Warton’s ‘History of Poetry’: this is a task worthy of him, and, to a mind so full as his, of easy accomplishment: it is a work, too, which should be patronized by the country. The way of life of Southey is rational and dignified; he resides at Keswick; has a handsome house, a study, and a noble library; he gives a certain number of hours daily to his pen—for when he is in health, the mercury of his genius is always at the right point—and bestows the rest on his family and his friends: he is as hospitable as he is accomplished.

GEORGE CHALMERS in his ‘Caledonia,’ and SHARON TURNER in the ‘History of the Anglo-Saxons,’ have shown an extensive acquaintance with old British lore, and a patience of inquiry unexampled in modern literature. It was the wish of both to exhibit a correct likeness of the people and the country during a period remote and dark; and they have both succeeded so far as it seems possible for research to reach. In purity and elegance, and clear methodical arrangement, the Englishman is the superior, and his work will probably carry his name to distant times with no little fame as a historian; but in research, accumulation of matter, and all that renders antiquarian labour valuable, Chalmers excels; his language is, however, strange and uncouth, and abounds in burly words, awkward metaphors, overwhelming epithets, and sentences immeasurably long, and as complicated as a Chinese puzzle. Concerning the political and social condition of the Saxon tribes—for they were not one community—the history of Turner is copious and minute: as warriors, they were courageous, daring, and inventive; they feared no enemy, and accepted battle as their descendants did at Poictiers and Agincourt, against all odds. When wars and inroads ceased, they laid aside the spear and the sword, and with rude instruments tore, rather than ploughed the ground, and, scattering the corn, saw it rise, without knowing whose hand might reap it. They got a glimmering of Christian light, and civilization followed; schools were established, chronicles were written, poetry was penned; wheat and barley were cultivated; sheep and oxen appeared in their pastures; apples and plums in their gardens; the rude shed became a house: women coveted costly bracelets and necklaces; and men in youth built castles and fought battles; in old age they founded churches, and made pilgrimages; in short, their history is that of all savage hordes which have become great nations.

The ‘Caledonia’ is to the ‘Anglo-Saxon History’ what Stonehenge is to a carved font in an old cathedral. It is one of the children of Anak. In deep research, and heaping together of matter, the ‘Britannia’ of Camden fades away before it. A life, and a long and busy one,

was almost exclusively devoted to this stupendous work: the author lived to complete it, and no more. The concluding volume is still in manuscript; and no bookseller has appeared willing to hazard the expense of giving to the world a thousand pages quarto. This is one of those cases in which literature is not its own reward; and had Chalmers lived in any land under the sun save this, his ‘Caledonia’ would have been published by the government, and the learned author pensioned. A work of this kind, it is true, is not alluring to the public: few men now—such is the mill-horse labour of life—have leisure to encounter such a task as a historical and topographical account of a country, measured over a space of two thousand pages; particularly when not enticed by the charms of style, elegance of arrangement, or the sorcery of romantic legends. Nor is Chalmers the only worthy name which the shameless disregard of this country for its true glory has allowed to pine unnoticed and unrewarded. The ‘Dictionary of the Scottish Language,’ by DR. JAMESON, is scarcely inferior to the ‘Caledonia’ in learning, research, and sagacity. His late Majesty allowed the author one hundred a year: this very moderate pension has been discontinued.

Few men have died with a higher reputation for historic talent and eloquence than SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. The words which he casually uttered in conversation were remembered to be repeated; his speeches were listened to as oracles which settled the destinies of nations; and his History of England was looked for as a brilliant consummation of all: a work that was to convict Clarendon of folly, and Hume of ignorance. There was much about him to raise high expectations: his defence of the French Revolution against the brilliant attack of Burke, was reckoned triumphant, at least by the republicans; abounded in opinions and positions, which reflection and intercourse with the world induced him afterwards to sober and modify. His defence of Pelletier, who was prosecuted for a libel on Napoleon, startled some who had sailed with the stream of his victorious eloquence in the case of Burke: he seemed now desirous to rebuild what he tried before to pull down. His client, he says, “feels with me gratitude to the ruler of empires, that after the wreck of everything else ancient and venerable in Europe—of all established forms and acknowledged principles—of all long subsisting laws and sacred institutions—we are met here administering justice after the manner of our forefathers, in this her ancient sanctuary.” Nor was this the worst that he uttered against the Child and Champion of the Revolution. “Viewing this as I do, (he continued,) as the first of contests between the greatest power upon earth and the only press which is now free, I cannot help calling upon you to pause before the great earthquake swallow up all the freedom that remains among men. Every press on the Continent, from Palermo to Hamburgh, is enslaved. One place only remains where the press is free, protected by our government and our patriotism. It is an awfully proud consideration—that venerable fabric, raised by our ancestors, still stands unshaken amidst the ruins that surround us.” This was looked upon as apostacy by many—it was apostacy in Napoleon, not in Mackintosh: he defended liberty before, and he defended it still.

It is about twenty years ago since he first took his seat in the House of Commons. He soon after gave notice of a motion on the cession of Norway to Sweden; the crush was great to hear him, and the dread of the ministry was not a little, for the fame of his knowledge and eloquence was high. He rose, and discoursed with great fluency; his speech

was long, full of historical illustration, and brightened with frequent flashes of eloquence and philosophic speculation: it was somewhat laboured in style, and wanted simple vigour and familiar force: but that was not the worst; it touched on all matters save the matter in hand, and set all nations of the earth right save Norway. No doubt, he pleaded her cause by inference; but that sort of refinement is for the few, not for the many; he had not the art or the power of grappling at once with his subject, and setting it in sunshine. I heard many members mutter "A complete failure," when he concluded his speech.

The hopes of his friends now rested on his promised History; and when any one inquired what he was about, they were told that he was collecting materials, and digging the foundations of his future structure. One saw him taking notes from the manuscripts in the British Museum; by another he was found consulting the records of the Commons, or the documents in the State Paper Office; while, by a third, he was overheard in consultation with Lord Holland, on the meaning of some dubious deed or dark undertaking in the days of William or Anne. All imagined that he was going on with his History, and many hoped for it soon, as the materials for forming it were of no remote date; he was to commence with the Revolution of 1688, and conclude with the overthrow of Napoleon and the return of peace to Europe. "A work," says Campbell, "which he meant to have been his monument for posterity."

For nearly twenty years his History was in hand; and yet I know not that a single volume was finished: he penned episodes, he wrote eloquent passages, bright bits, and delineated characters at full length; but he did no more. The two volumes which, in 1830 and 1831, he gave to Lardner's Cyclopaedia, are considered to be an expansion of the preface which was to usher in his great undertaking. They bear marks both of talent and research; but there is nothing in them of that high and commanding order, which makes common readers pause, and say a new light has arisen in the land. In truth, the genius of Mackintosh belonged less to history than to oratory; he seemed to want that scientific power of combination, without which the brightest materials of history are but as a glittering mass: he was deficient in that patient but vigorous spirit which broods over scattered and unconnected things, and brings them into order and beauty. He lavished all his splendour upon secondary matters, and had nothing better to say about things of higher concernment. He was too speculative and philosophic; his eloquence wanted simplicity, and his language ease. He could make profound remarks on events which he could not describe, save in language rendered obscure by its loftiness. A clear, straightforward, consistent narrative, such as history demands, was a flight beyond him. He was a sayer of splendid things—a man of high talent, of varied attainments, but not an original, or even powerful thinker. Had his genius been of the lion-like kind which his friends represent, it would have raged like a chained demon till it had produced something lofty and noble: genius of the epic order cannot be idle; the power to do is given to the head that conceives; and perhaps no such person ever existed as a "mute, inglorious Milton." In metaphysics, the name of Mackintosh stands high as well as in oratory.

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote two histories of Scotland: one is of the familiar, fireside sort, the other of a graver character and loftier pretension. The former is the better; it is supposed to be spoken to his grandson, now like himself in the dust; and no narrative, perhaps, was ever written better calculated to charm a youthful

listener. It is all life, and chivalry, and romance. In composing it, he perhaps never consulted a single book; the nine volumes seem the result of an effort of memory alone—all is connected and clear. All that was poetic, spirited, or peculiar in the varied annals of his native land, was, in his wondrous mind, separated from the chaff and dust of other men's compositions, and was produced clear and clean, and endowed with a fervour and a picturesque beauty, of which we have too few examples. The second series of this little History is altogether an enchanting thing: he relates the political and social fortunes of Scotland from the accession of the House of Stuart till the Union, and gives us what we can find nowhere else—namely, the domestic incidents and historic episodes—the signs and the wonders—of which no other historian has taken notice. There is a charm in all this which equals that of his best romances; we read, and, as we go on, we marvel at the folly of other writers, who did not perceive in that century of national incidents, the materials for many fictions, or for history, not unworthy of the muse presiding over truth. The third series is not quite so interesting, inasmuch as the incidents which it relates are well known—the rebellions of the "fifteen" and the "forty-five" are familiar to us, not only through history and tradition, but the latter—the romantic one—has been laid before us with all the spirit in which it happened, in the magnificent novel of "Waverley." Nor is the first series much inferior to the second: the early fortunes of Scotland—particularly under Wallace and Bruce—are related with equal accuracy and spirit. Though all done from memory, he has made but one solitary slip.

The graver history of Scotland which he wrote is much less to my taste: all the life which warms and animates the familiar one is wanting: it is cold, formal—without ease and without dignity. The crushing hand of misfortune was on him at the time, and he seems to have composed it under the dread of some impending calamity. It is true, that it is correct, full of knowledge, and touched everywhere with that kind and generous spirit, which, in him, was ever active as well as speculative. He feels as a son of the soil, for the dishonour that was done us by the tyranny of the first Edward, and he rejoices as all true Scotsmen do—aye, and true Englishmen also—in the glorious redemption achieved by Wallace and by Bruce. In all this, and much more, Scott is not wanting: still, it is hardly worthy of him, and cannot be numbered among the productions destined to delight posterity.

The genius of Scott was too excursive to be limited to the exact bounds of history: his language was lively and picturesque, and his inventive powers readily found illustration for the most barren periods: but he wanted the steady and uniform dignity of our latter history, and seemed to possess the spirit of the old chroniclers, who painted all to the eye, and left the mind to shift for itself. He had much of the readiness and poetic perception of Froissart, and more than rivalled that great light of the days of Edward the Third, in the brightness of his descriptions; but his remarks want the philosophic depth of Hume; they are always lively, seldom profound: he saw all he wrote: his fancy was vivid and pictorial—he was the Rubens of literature.

All this, and more, was visible in "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" a work, which, under the banner of biography, assumes the aspect, and performs the functions of history. It is altogether a marvellous book: the narrative is vigorous, picturesque, and flowing: the varied fortunes of the wondrous man, are followed from the cradle to the grave, and we see him a solitary boy under the trees of the School of Brienne, reading Tasso, or tracing with his finger the lines of siege or battle: he is next presented to us a

pennyless cadet in the regiment of La Fere, with his thoughts more on literature than war: the scene shifts, and he is busied laying down his profound but simple lines of attack on Toulon, amid the wondering representatives of the people, to whom all is a mystery, till the signal is given and the city falls. We see him not again, but as a wanderer, wishing to enter the army of the Turks, or eating a chance morsel with Talma, till the Sections of Paris rise on the Convention, and he is called, in the moment of peril and dismay, to wave his hand and restore order. His march from school to high command is vividly painted; nor is his march from Paris to Rome, and from thence to Germany, overturning armies and thrones as he goes, less historic and masterly: in fact, the heart of the writer (and of the reader too) accompanies the all-but beardless conqueror, and sympathizes with all he does; even his daring invasion of Egypt, his scientific manoeuvres, which sweep away as grass with the scythe the magnificent cavalry of the Mamelukes—the turning of his face towards India, and when repulsed, towards France, where men, scarcely inferior to himself, were preparing his footstool—all enlist our heart or our fancy. Nay, we even aid him in pulling the attorney out of their seats, and watch with deep interest what he is about to do with the sword or with the pen; nor do we hesitate to say, that we are among those who lose not the image of the republic in the First Consulship, but hope on, and will not persuade ourselves that the hero of so many pitched battles is to ascend the throne of a despot.

We awake from our dream at last; the hero of many hopes—"the likeness of a kingly crown has on;" marshals stand around him; he has divorced the wife of his bosom, and married an hereditary princess by contract: he marches east, west, north and south, and victory is with him; but we no longer rejoice in his fame, or clap our hands at his triumphs; he has become the oppressor of nations, and our hearts turn against him; nor do we sympathize any more in his fortunes, till, crushed by a combination of kingdoms, he is driven into exile, and, returning from his work in despair, gathers around him the comrades of a hundred battles—some of whom he had placed on thrones—and is vanquished in the death-struggle at Waterloo; a battle fought in favour of hereditary right, and fought, as France has lately shown us, in vain.

The narrative of Scott was written when national animosity was unsubsided, our wounds green, our daughters mourning, and the blood of battle on our swords. The author, too, was an ardent lover of his country, and of the order of things which the genius of Napoleon sought to abolish; he was a maintainer of old birthright, and an admirer of the far descended; he of whom he wrote, sought to establish the reign of genius; it was his object to bring all the natural talent of the land into action, and he would have succeeded, had he not attempted it by arbitrary means. Yet, with all this difference of education and feeling, Scott is not unjust to the merits of Napoleon: the estimate of his character is fair in the main, and it will be long before a work appears to eclipse its glowing narratives, and give us a more lively or accurate account of that terrible and all-but invincible warrior.

[To be continued on the 14th December.]

EPGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On a bad Physician.

Sure doctor Crates, sexton Damon,
Carry a profitable game on:
The Sexton from the plunder'd grave
With lint supplies his brother knave—
The Doctor, not to be out-done,
Murders his patients every one:
Plies them with potions to destroy meant,
And gives the Sexton full employment.

OCEANIDES.—No. XI.
By Mrs. Fletcher.

TO AN INFANT AFAR.

THOU art sleeping or at play,
Happy one! pretty one!
Laughing, lisping, far away,
Heedless of the salt-sea spray,
Happy one! pretty one!
When they ask thee, where am I?
Little one! distant one!
Thou dost neither smile nor sigh;
All thy world is very nigh,
Home-encircled little one!
I am sailing on the sea,
English one! city one!
And long years must come and flee,
Ere I look again on thee,
Changing, growing little one!
Yet, how oft I see a thing,
Gentle one! fragile one!
That, before mine eye can bring
Thee, by Fancy's symboling;
Gentle one! fragile one!
Nautili that sail the deep,
Weak and fair—pretty one!
Tiny birds that o'er it sweep;
Flying fish that upward leap;
Baby billows—pretty one!
Many a cloud at morn or night,
Small and tender—little one!
Many a moonbeam's quivering light
Making ocean's bosom bright
As with glow-worms—little one!
All things that are weak and fair,
Rosy one! merry one!
Image infants everywhere,
Careless, amid cause for care,
Ever helpless little one!
God, and his good strength be thine,
Mother-tended little one!
Thou, within that circling shrine,
I, upon the foaming brine,
Need it ever,—little one!

PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE word philosopher had its origin in the modesty of the first who bore the name; "Call me not wise (*σοφός*)," said he, "but a lover of wisdom (*φιλόσοφος*)."
Words, by long use, become warped from their original meaning, and are put out of shape by means of an ignorant handling; so that now-a-days the term philosopher gives intimation rather of the possession than of the mere love of wisdom. Ancient philosophers courted wisdom, were humble suitors to her—modern philosophers have married her, she has become bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh; and philosophy now signifies wisdom gained, not merely wisdom sought. To give any one the name of a philosopher is a compliment; to assume it, is an arrogance. Philosophy, however, such as it is, is now so exceedingly common, that the arrogance of its assumption is greatly abated, and any one who even thinks that he is thinking, has a very good right to call himself a philosopher—he will find plenty to keep him in countenance. There is not a parish in London, and there is scarcely a town in the kingdom, in which any fidgety little prig, who had nothing better to do with his time, might not get up a Philosophical Society. If you have a telescope, and an almanac, and a pair of globes, and if you look at the moon with your night-cap on your head, you are a philosopher; if you have an electrical machine, and serve your friends shocking tricks, you are a philosopher; if you have a barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and hydrometer—if you chronicle the clouds, and tell the world once a week which way the wind blows, you are a philosopher; if you have a mantel-piece covered with brick-bats,

and a bureau full of black-beetles and cockchafers, you are a philosopher; if you roam about the fields and the ditches with a tin box in your hand, picking up chickweed, groundsel, and duckweed, you are a philosopher; if you become cat's butcher, and kill mice with an air-pump, you are a philosopher; if you risk the blowing up of your house with hydrogen gas or other combustibles, you are a philosopher; if you hunt for a soul with a dissecting knife, and then, because you cannot find one, say that there is no such thing, you are a philosopher; if you read German metaphysics, and talk moonshine that nobody can understand, you are a philosopher; if you disbelieve what your neighbours believe, and believe what your neighbours disbelieve, you are a philosopher. If you do not care who is hanged or drowned, or whose cat has kitten, you are a Stoic philosopher; if you growl at everybody and everything, you are a Cynic philosopher; if you have a fancy for fish, flesh, and fowl, and like good cookery better than bad, you are an Epicurean philosopher: in short, I verily believe that the difficulty now is to avoid being a philosopher—the whole air and the whole nation is thoroughly bophilosophized—saturated with philosophy: we cannot open our eyes or ears, but wisdom must come in—we cannot open our mouths, but wisdom must go out. Everything is made on philosophic principles—wigs, whiskers, boots, breeches, and bed-posts; so that we are almost all of us forced to be philosophers, whether we will or no.

But the worst of the matter is, that, as what is everybody's business is nobody's business, so, what is everybody's distinction is nobody's distinction. In the days of old, when reading and writing were clerical attainments, there was some merit and some desirableness in being able to read and write; but when these accomplishments became general, there was disgrace in being without them. This seems now to be pretty nearly the case with philosophy, and as when people quarrel they sometimes say one to the other, "Sir, you are no gentleman,"—it will presently be the mode to say, "Sir, you are no philosopher." It is, indeed, an unpardonable sin for any one in these days to be unphilosophical. Philosophy is now made easy to the meanest capacities; and perhaps, the meaner the capacity, the easier the philosophy, for one of the chief sources of difficulty in philosophy anciently was, the restlessness of the mind in making inquiries beyond the power of the visible world to answer, mingled also with some little sense of human imperfection, and the incapacity of the mind to comprehend and know all things. This difficulty now is pretty well done away with: the mind seems to be marvellously increased in its power, or nature greatly circumscribed as to its principles and comprehensiveness. Should there, indeed, be any knowledge which a man cannot carry in his head, he can certainly carry it in his pocket; and so long as a man possesses knowledge, what signifies where he keeps it, in his head or in a wooden box?—in the eye of philosophy, there is not much difference. A Penny Cyclopaedia is a kind of promissory note, which says, "I promise to pay at ten minutes sight, John Smith, or reader, a pennyworth of wisdom, value received." The art of printing has greatly contributed to the diffusion of knowledge of all kinds, useful and useless, entertaining and wearisome, religious and profane, politic and impolitic. Formerly, knowledge was in human minds—treasured as a choice gem in the heart and understanding—but now it is no longer confined to such narrow limits, but is spread abroad over many reams of paper, and is sold very cheap in many shops, and stands on many shelves.

Gracious reader, be not scandalized at these remarks, as though you thought that we

would grudge knowledge to the many—alas, you knew us not, if you think us capable of any such narrow views:—nay, on the contrary, our remarks are prompted by our wish, that the shadow may not be mistaken for the substance, and that the flatulence of a vain conceit may not be substituted for the solid fulness of intellectual truth. Care must be taken, that the diffusion of knowledge becomes not the dispersion of knowledge—the scattering of it to the four winds of heaven. There may be a plethora of information, accompanied by an indigestion of knowledge. Solomon, who has been generally reckoned a wise man, had no objection to the diffusion of knowledge, for he says, "Get knowledge;" but he did not think that knowledge was wisdom, he rather seemed to intimate that it was not, and that it might be in some cases an obstacle to the attainment of wisdom, for he adds, "With all thy getting, get understanding." Solomon is a good authority in such matters, and we may very safely take his opinion. It is, indeed, somewhat of a matter of doubt with us, whether Solomon would have recognized philosophy in modern philosophers.

Modern philosophy differs from the ancient in this one point as much as in any, viz. that its possessors do not learn modesty from it. It was prettily said by one of the ancients, "My knowledge only teaches me how ignorant I am." One might make a parody of this, applying it to many modern philosophers, putting into their lips the aphorism, "My ignorance only teaches me how knowing I am." It has been stated in our hearing, with some semblance of sophistry, though not altogether without some basement of truth, that the present pantological fever is not unlikely to terminate in intellectual darkness. The state of the argument is this:—The possession of knowledge requires thought;—the more knowledge a man possesses, the more thought he wants, but the more a man wants thought, the less intellectual he is. To speak after the manner of Mr. Malthus, I think one might say, that knowledge may increase in a geometrical ratio, but understanding can increase only in an arithmetical ratio. And when a man possesses more knowledge than understanding, his intellect is in no enviable condition. In a word, the passion of the day is for knowledge, and as the citizen advised his son, saying, "Get money—honestly if you can, but at all events get money":—so fashion says, "Get knowledge, and understand it if you can, but at all events get knowledge."

LYRICS OF HOME.—No. VI.

By H. F. Chorley.

MY FATHER'S REST.

SLEEP beneath the hawthorn tree,
In the shine of setting sun;
For thy long day's toil is done,
And its closing calm should be.
Since I left thee, for a strife
With the troubled waves of life,
Years have made thy forehead bare,
Years have traced my brow with care;
We have reached a stiller shore,
And thy blessing, for thy son,
Plenty and content hath won—
Sleep beside my cottage door!
Sleep—nor vision dark intrude
On thy rest its phantoms stern!
Nor the gloomy past return
With its spectre cares renewed.—
'Tis enough, if dreams for thee
Shadow forth reality—
Show these vine-clad mountains steep,
Sheaves of corn, and flocks of sheep;
Show these fruitful orchards rare—
And when stars are shining high,
Wake, with laughter born of joy,
That thy home is yet more fair!

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THOUGHTS ON PRESENTS OF GAME, &c.

"We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table *by proxy*; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his 'plump corpusculum'; to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to concurporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately; such participation is methinks *unitive*, as the old theologian phrase it."—LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

ELIA presents his acknowledgments to his "Correspondent unknown," for a basket of prodigiously fine game. He takes for granted that so amiable a character must be a reader of the *Athenæum*. Else he had meditated a notice in *The Times*. Now if this friend had consulted the Delphic oracle for a present suited to the palate of Elia, he could not have hit upon a morsel so acceptable. The birds he is barely thankful for; pheasants are poor *fouls* disguised in fine feathers. But a hare roasted hard and brown—with gravy and melted butter!—old Mr. Chambers, the sensible clergyman in Warwickshire, whose son's acquaintance has made many hours happy in the life of Elia, used to allow a pound of Epping to every hare. Perhaps that was over-doing it. But, in spite of the note of Philomel, who, like some fine poets, that think no scorn to adopt plagiarisms from a humble brother, reiterates every spring her cuckoo cry of "Jug, Jug, Jug," Elia pronounces that a hare, to be truly palated, must be roasted. Jugging sophisticates her. In our way it eats so "crips," as Mrs. Minikin says. Time was, when Elia was not arrived at his taste, that he preferred to all luxuries a roasted Pig. But he disclaims all such green-sickness appetites in future, though he hath to acknowledge the receipt of many a delicacy in that kind from correspondents—good, but mistaken men—in consequence of their erroneous supposition, that he had carried up into mature life the prepossessions of childhood. From the worthy Vicar of Enfield he acknowledges a tittle contribution of extraordinary savor. The ancients must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores* (obviously from *lepus*) but for some subtle analogy between the delicate flavour of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we must poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Harum-scarum is a libellous unfounded phrase of modern usage. 'Tis true the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eye open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss across three counties; and because the well-flavoured beast, weighing the odds, is willing to evade the hue and cry, with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord—comes the grave Naturalist, Linnaeus perchance or Buffon, and gravely sets down the Hare as a timid animal. Why, Achilles or Bally Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat.

In fact, how light of digestion we feel after a hare! How tender its processes after swallowing! What chyle it promotes! How ethereal! as if its living celerity were a type of its nimble coursing through the animal juices. The notice might be longer. It is intended less as a Natural History of the Hare, than a cursory thanks to

the country "good Unknown." The hare has many friends, but none sincerer than

ELIA.

AUDUBON.

PARTLY from private sources, partly from a New York paper, kindly sent us by one of Mr. Audubon's friends, we are enabled to afford some information respecting the present situation and late researches of this distinguished naturalist. He is now at Charleston, South Carolina, refreshing himself after his toils, and preparing for a visit to England, where he may be expected the beginning of next May. The year 1832, that succeeding his departure from this country, he spent in exploring the shores, creeks, inlets, and islands of the Floridas, as far south as the Tortuga Islands, having been supplied, for that purpose, with a vessel, crew, and boats, by the government of the United States. In this progress he discovered many species hitherto undescribed, which he has figured with his usual accuracy, and some of those figures are, we believe, at present in the hands of the engraver, to form part of the next number of his magnificent work, "The Birds of America." From Florida he bent his course northward, traversed the province of Maine, entered New Brunswick, and extended his inquiries into some of the British territories. Returning to New York, he determined on a summer's excursion to examine the inhospitable shores of Labrador, and for that purpose, accompanied by a few friends, set off the 6th of last June in a vessel hired for the occasion. They first made Madeleine Island, and afterwards the Gannet Rock, which derives its name from the birds by which it is frequented. This rock is four hundred feet in height, and several acres in extent: when it was visited by Mr. Audubon, it was covered with innumerable birds upon their nests, which gave it the appearance of a huge mass of snow, while the countless numbers of those hovering above it presented a perfect image of a snow storm. The report of muskets did not appear in the slightest degree to alarm them. A severe gale rendered it impossible for the party to land on this rock, and carried them across the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the coast of Labrador, which, though in about the same latitude as London, they found covered with thick fogs, and diversified with numerous drifts of snow even in the summer season.

Mr. Audubon spent a fortnight in the harbour called Little Nitashuan, employing his time in making excursions in the country, and along the coast to the distance of about forty miles. The whole appears to be a solid rock, covered with moss of uncommon depth and beauty; the vegetation in the valleys, which lie open to the sun, is remarkable for its luxuriance, and variegated with beds of rich plants, which were entirely new to every member of the party; the only forests are composed of thin and scattered dwarf trees, principally firs. Here, Mr. Audubon was enabled to ascertain the habits of many of the birds, which resort to the American coast during the winter, and discovered two new species, a *Fringilla* and a *Parus*.

On leaving this place, Mr. Audubon proceeded eastwardly to the fine harbour of Wapatiguan. Here he procured specimens of the willow Grouse, old and young, ascertained the habits of many land and water birds, examined the country and neighbouring islands, gathered a few new plants and shells, and departed for the port of Little Macatine. The shores of this coast were more bold and rugged than any he had yet visited; the aspect of the country became more sterile, and a corresponding change was observable in the climate. The excursions of the party in this quarter were numerous and fatiguing, and it was with difficulty that any of their number could walk for a greater distance than ten miles a day.

On ascending the highest hills, the prospect in every direction was of an uniform and very cheerless character; the same thick mosses were spread over the table land, the plants were nearly the same, and lakes, formed by the melting of the snows of winter, were everywhere spread out around them. In this solitary spot, a Scotch settler had fixed his abode for more than twenty years, and seemed quite contented with the beauties of the scene. His sole occupation was that of taking seal and salmon, which were tolerably abundant in their respective seasons, and which he exchanged for requisite supplies, with vessels from Quebec and Newfoundland. He had a wife and six children, by whom the travellers were received with hospitality and kindness. All of them appeared contented with their situation, and had contracted a strong attachment to their wild and dreary residence. Mr. Audubon here found the wild goose in its breeding season, and had an opportunity of observing the habits of several rare species of water birds.

Brador was the next stage in the progress of the travellers; on their way to this port, they explored several of the intermediate islands, where many species of birds were found breeding in abundance. These islands are resorted to by people from Nova Scotia, for the purpose of procuring eggs; they commence their operations by trampling on all which they find on the islands, and on the following day begin to collect those which are newly laid; and, so successful are they in their search, that Mr. Audubon fell in with a party of three persons, who in the course of six weeks, had found 32,000 dozen, of the estimated value of four hundred pounds. There is no limit to the havoc made by these people: not content with carrying away the eggs merely, they kill the birds by thousands, in order to pluck a few feathers from the breast, and then throw them into the sea, or leave them on the rocks; and if this wanton destruction should be pursued a few years longer, it is obvious that they must exhaust the sources of their profit by driving the birds from their accustomed haunts. In the port of Brador, where they found excellent anchorage, the party met with sixty or seventy fishing vessels, the crews of all of which were actively employed. The fish were very abundant, and all expected to obtain what they denominated a fare. Mr. Audubon was, however, convinced, that a due regard to the season, and the proper application of their labour, might render the fishery far more productive than it is; and we hope hereafter to have it in our power to offer the result of his inquiries upon this subject to our readers.

The cold at this place was much more severe than was to have been expected in July. The party found it necessary to make larger fires than on the other portions of the coast; and even then the cold was so intense, that Mr. Audubon's pencil occasionally dropped from his fingers, while engaged in drawing by the fireside. Icebergs were here for the first time seen. In fact, as the party advanced along the coast, they found that a distance of only 100 miles produced a very remarkable difference in the progress of vegetation. Here also they encountered a brother-in-law of the anchorite of Little Macatine, occupying an equally independent situation, his nearest neighbours residing at a very considerable distance. This personage had maintained his post for more than thirty years, and was decidedly of opinion that the country was the finest he had ever seen. He cultivated a small garden, in which were growing a few indifferent vegetables, and was the owner of the only horse which was seen by travellers in the country; but for the purpose of visiting those whom he called his neighbours, he was accustomed to employ Esquimaux dogs, of which about forty were attached to his establishment. These are fed upon seals, which he catches

in the spring, and which are piled in a huge mass in the vicinity of his front door, where they remain, until his neighbours have reason to rejoice at their remoteness from his villa. At this place Mr. Audubon had the fortune to procure the male and female of a large and beautiful new species of *Falco*, with several smaller birds. Some of the party visited a settlement thirty miles distant, while the rest traversed this wild region in different directions, whenever the weather would permit.

After remaining here some time longer, and making some interesting observations, Mr. Audubon crossed the straits of Belle Isle, sailed along the coasts of Newfoundland, experienced a severe storm in crossing the gulf of St. Lawrence, and, as soon as the weather permitted, made for Picton, in Nova Scotia, where he landed, and discharged his vessel. From this he continued his tour by land, again visiting some of the British provinces, and passing through Truro, Halifax, and Windsor, from which last place he took ship, and arrived at Boston about the beginning of September, in good health, and without having experienced any disastrous accident.

In this excursion, it was not the expectation of Mr. Audubon to make many new discoveries; the coast of Labrador is not one which birds would be likely to select for any other than a summer residence. He has, however, in ascertaining the habits of those already known, procured information, which must materially enhance the value of his great work; and the drawings, executed during his absence, particularly of the three birds which have been mentioned as discovered by him, are said to be exquisitely beautiful.

MR. ANDREW PICKEN.

WITH sincere sorrow we have to announce the death of our friend Mr. Andrew Picken, or, as he loved to be called, "The Dominic," from a feeling of the similarity between his own character and that of the simple-minded, tender-hearted teacher, under whose name he published some of his most affecting tales. We had prepared some account of his life and writings, but we prefer inserting the following more complete memoir, for which we are indebted to a correspondent.

Andrew Picken was born at Paisley in the year 1788; his father was an eminent manufacturer in that town, and educated him for the mercantile profession. At an early age he visited the West Indies; but finding that the business in which he was engaged afforded no very bright prospects, he returned to Europe, and obtained a confidential situation in the Bank of Ireland. To the great regret of his Irish friends, he subsequently removed to Glasgow, and entered into business. Here he first came before the world as an author, by publishing "Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland," a work which had great local success. In this volume, appeared for the first time, the pathetic story of "Mary Ogilvie," which showed no common power of combining the ordinary incidents of life, into pictures of intense and harrowing interest. Among the sketches, was one "On the Changes in the West of Scotland during the last Half Century," which contained much playful satire, and not a few very hard hits, that severely wounded the vanity of "the Glasgow bodies." This, combined with some other circumstances, induced the author to quit Glasgow; he removed to Liverpool, where he established himself as a bookseller.

The unfitness of literary men for business, is proverbial; dwelling in the ideal world, they shrink from encountering the stern realities of life,

And pen a stanza when they should engross.

Poor Picken was, besides, as simple as a child, the most unsuspecting, the most charitable in

judgment, of all mortals, full of enthusiasm, ardent in hope, ready to lend a credulous ear to every one who made him a proffer of friendship. The mania of speculation, which in 1826 seized even on those who were deemed paragons of worldly wisdom, found too ready a victim in one to whom the world of business was as a sealed volume; he joined in some of the wild projects of the time, and lost his all. But like Francis I., he might have boasted that honour still remained; when his books where inspected, the creditors with one voice, bore honourable testimony to his integrity, and expressed their sorrow for his misfortunes. They would readily have aided him in commencing business anew, but literature had now marked him for her own, and he came to London with the manuscript of a novel; the composition of which, had been the amusement of his leisure hours, and subsequently his chief consolation in difficulty and distress.

"The Sectarian," as this novel was called, was published by Colburn, and excited considerable interest at the time of its first appearance; it showed great skill in what may be termed the morbid anatomy of the mind, and one picture, of madness caused by religious melancholy, which was drawn from nature, gave considerable offence to persons who are too apt to confound an attack upon fanaticism with hostility to religion. This error, and in the present instance, no greater error could be made, prevented "The Sectarian" from obtaining the success which its merits deserved.

But though the circulation of "The Sectarian" was limited, it had the effect of making the author known to the editors of the principal periodicals, and from this time, Mr. Picken became a regular contributor to the leading Magazines and Reviews. The publication of "The Dominic's Legacy," in 1830, finally established his fame as the historian of Scottish humble life; we say the historian rather than the delineator, because the Dominic speaks not of what he has imagined, but of what he has seen, felt, and understood, almost from his infancy; and we remember his characters, more as those of persons that we somewhere knew, than of personages we have seen described. The work had great success, and its fame has not been injured by time.

When Colburn's "Juvenile Library" was projected, Mr. Picken undertook to supply "The Lives of Eminent Missionaries," but before his work was completed, the Library was at an end. The volume was subsequently published by Kidd, and two large impressions sold.

Mr. Picken's next publication was "The Club Book," to which several of the most popular living writers contributed. The tales written by the editor, were in his happiest style; that, entitled, "The Three Kearneys" was founded on circumstances which he had witnessed during his residence in Ireland, and it showed that Mr. Picken had thoroughly investigated the mixed character of the Irish peasantry. "The Deer-stalkers" was also a tale of great interest; it was recently dramatized at the Queen's Theatre, and was much admired. Soon after appeared a work on the Canadas, professedly a compilation; in preparing this volume, Mr. Picken received very valuable assistance from his friend Mr. Galt. This was followed by "Waltham," a tale published in Leitch Ritchie's "Library of Romance."

In the course of the present year, was published the "Traditionary Stories of Old Families," in two volumes; designed as the first part of a series, which would embrace the legendary history of Scotland, England, and Ireland. The project excited considerable interest, and many of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy offered to aid the author, by giving him access to their family papers. Before he could avail himself of the ample stores thus opened to

him, he was attacked by the disease which so rapidly terminated his life. On the 10th of November, while conversing with his son, he was suddenly struck down by apoplexy; he was conveyed home insensible; after a short time, strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, and the very night before his death, he conversed cheerfully with his family. His wife and children parted from him full of hope, doomed alas! to be disappointed. On the following morning, (Saturday, November 23rd,) his spirit passed away almost without a struggle, so that at first, those in the room could scarcely credit the fact of his death.

A little before his last illness, our lamented friend had completed a novel, which he regarded as by far the best of his productions. It is entitled, "The Black Watch," which was, as most of our readers probably know, the original name of the gallant 42nd Regiment. The date of the story is about the time of the Battle of Fontenoy, a period which, though rich in incident, all our novel-writers have neglected. This manuscript is the only legacy, besides the memory of his virtues, that he has bequeathed to his widow and six children; it is about to be speedily published, and we confidently hope that its success will render it a valuable bequest.

Our friend has saved us the trouble of attempting to delineate his character; he was the Dominic of his own tales, simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it, the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.

"The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all good souls go with him!"

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE following is an extract from a letter of one of our Paris correspondents:—"Victor Hugo's drama of 'Marie Tudor' has proved a complete failure. Hugo is really out of his senses; he lives in an atmosphere of conceit and folly, impossible to be described. He will listen to no advice, and his best friends have been obliged to leave him to his own obstinacy. He has, for the last two years, been writing for the theatre, and is ruining himself and the theatre too; and if he does not abandon it, and return to lyric poetry and novel writing, he will soon be entirely lost to literature. Alexandre Dumas is now the only great dramatic writer in France. On the morning after the failure of 'Marie Tudor,' the manager of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin called early on Dumas. The poet took pity on the poor devil, and gave him a new piece—'Angélique, ou, l'Echelle des Femmes.' This drama is now in rehearsal, and is said to be first-rate. The most important works forthcoming are, a novel, entitled 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' by G. Sand, who was treated with unjust severity in your criticism on 'Leila,' which is a work of great power; + 'Ahasverus,' a philosophic poem, by Edgar Quinet—the subject is the Wandering Jew; two volumes, one of poetry, the other of prose, by Alfred de Musset; Memoirs of Mirabeau, in six volumes, by his natural son, M. Lucas de Montigny, who has spent twenty years in collecting the materials; Memoirs of Barras, Ex-Director of the French Republic; and Memoirs of Marshal Marmont, written by himself, and said to contain much curious information."

Mrs. Austin, it is said, intends to make Heine better known to the British public, than can well be done by the reviews. We are heartily glad of it: in the hands of this lady, his brilliant talents may hope to have fair play.

+ This is not the only hint we have had, that our criticism on 'Leila' was not to the taste of our Parisian friends—but whoever attentively reads the review (see p. 646) will see, that we did not question the power of the writer, but the moral tendency of the work.

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The Royal Medal awarded by the Royal Society, first given by His late Majesty in 1821, but continued by his present Majesty, is now engraved, and will, we believe, be exhibited at the anniversary meeting of the Society, to be held this day. Sir Thomas Lawrence was first applied to for a design, but he could neither satisfy himself nor the council—he dealt too much in classical allegory—made two or three unsuccessful attempts, and nothing was decided on at his death. Phillips and Chantrey were in consequence consulted. The head of His Majesty was of course to be on the obverse, and they suggested the statue of Newton for the reverse. This was plain and intelligible; and, accordingly, Mr. Wyon, of the Royal Mint, was forthwith commissioned to execute the work, which we have just seen: it is truly admirable—the likeness of His Majesty is perfect—the statue of Newton, after Roubiliac, excellent, and the fine expression of the little miniature head of the philosopher most extraordinary. The inscription is—*Regis Munificentia Arbitrio Societas.*

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 20.—Mr. Hamilton read a short paper, but replete with interest, by the Rev. F. Arundel, (author of the 'Account of the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse,' published about two years since,) in which the writer briefly described several important geographical discoveries made by him, during a tour in Asia Minor, in the autumn of last year.

Mr. Arundel's situation, as British Chaplain at Smyrna, which he has held for eleven years past, had furnished him with opportunities of obtaining the best information from Turkish and Greek merchants, and from the conductors of caravans, respecting the districts in the interior of Anatolia, which it was his intention to visit. He was chiefly directed in the objects of his journey, by a wish to extend the knowledge of the Christian Geography of that portion of the Asiatic continent, a subject involved in much obscurity. He succeeded beyond his expectations.

Proceeding through the countries lying between the Hermes and Meander, he was enabled to fix, beyond further question, the sites of Emeria and Apamia, and discovered the magnificent remains of Apollonia. Not the least gratifying circumstance in this discovery, was the meeting with a colony of Greeks, who have lived on the spot from the earliest ages of Christianity, and who have no intercourse whatever with any other Christian community. The object, however, which Mr. Arundel most anxiously kept in view, was to determine the site of Antioch, the metropolis of Pisidia, the scene of the discourses and persecutions of St. Paul; and, in this also he was successful. The remains of the city were found to consist of prostrate temples, churches, and between twenty and thirty arches of a most magnificent aqueduct.

From Antioch, the writer went by Isbora to Sagalassos, celebrated for its siege by Alexander, and thence in search of the ruins of Selge. Being prevented from accomplishing his purpose, of exploring the sites of Lystra and Derbe, by the entrance of the army of Ibrahim Pacha into Iconium, he now returned to the back of Chonas, where he had the satisfaction decidedly to fix the proper emplacement of Colosse.

Though the journey occupied only six weeks, yet the distance travelled over can be little less than 1000 miles; and (including the writer's former journey, of which an account has already been given to the public,) the new ground, hitherto unknown to the European traveller, or, at least, of which no description has been published, is not much short of 600 miles.

The reading of a learned and elaborate me-

moir, 'On the Origin of the Hindoos,' by the celebrated Professor Schlegel, was afterwards commenced.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 25.—A paper was read, 'On the Straits which separate the Peninsula of India from the Island of Ceylon,' containing some description of the islands of Manar and Ramisseram, with the extraordinary neck of sand connecting them, called Adam's Bridge. The breadth of the strait, according to a survey made by some engineer officers under the direction of the government, is nearly sixty-two miles, the former of the two islands lying near the coast of Ceylon, and the latter a short distance only from the Rammam province of Hindostan. The principal channel now used by the Dholies, and other small country boats, lies on the western side of the strait, in which channel some curious dams appear to have been formed by the action of the sea on the soft sandstone. According to the records of the Pagoda of Ramisseram, it appears, that this island was, about the close of the fifteenth century, connected with the Peninsula, at which time, it is recorded, that pilgrims passed over it on their way to the Pagoda.

The ridge called, "Adam's Bridge," was found to consist of a mass of loose sand, with no firm foundation of rock or clay to support it. The sand appears to be transported in great quantities from one side to the other of the ridge, according to the direction of the monsoon; for, in addition to the action of the surf, which washes it over to the lee side, where it is narrow,—in other parts, where it is broad, streams of it, in a dry state, are carried across by the wind itself, and deposited there. The channels through the strait are very shallow, and not more than sufficient for the small country boats to pass; but it is stated, in the records of the Dutch government at Ceylon, that a Dutch fleet once passed through the channels of Adam's Bridge to avoid a Danish fleet in chase of them. It was justly observed, that if such really was the case, the channels must have been in a very different state, as some parts of the "bridge" are now dry, and a few feet of water is the greatest depth anywhere on it.

The object of the paper was to show the practicability and the cost of improving the channel between the Peninsula and the island Ramisseram, which is at present used, as being the best, but not without great inconvenience to the extensive coasting trade of that country. It was proposed to obtain the opinions of our engineers on the plans proposed, drawings of which were on the table. The chair was taken by Lieut. Cooly, R.N.

Medico-Botanical Society, Nov. 26.—Dr. Ryan in the chair.—Specimens of Indian plants presented by Dr. Tytler—amongst which was the one to which he alluded at the last meeting, as possessing the power of paralyzing the scorpion,—preparations of medicinal honey obtained on Mr. Nutt's plan, and very many books, were laid upon the table. Dr. Sigmund read a communication transmitted by Batha, of Prague, upon the employment of the Matricaria Camomilla, in preference to the common chamomile or Anthemis nobilis, and upon the extraordinary power of its essential oil in hysterical disease; he also sent to the institution some of the deadly aconite, which was the same species that had been employed by Stoerck, and which he himself had gathered upon the Styrian Mountains, and which he found far superior to the aconite of Widenow. Professor Gilbert Burnett delivered a very interesting lecture upon the Fungi, or parasitic plants, and entered minutely into the different varieties which produce such extraordinary effects upon the vegetable world; he pointed out those that are known

under the name of blight, of dry rot, of ergot, and narrated many interesting facts connected with their development and growth.

Westminster Medical Society, Nov. 23.—Mr. Pettigrew in the chair.—There was a very crowded meeting this evening, to discuss the question of Medical Reform, a series of resolutions having been prepared by the committee on the subject. Three of them were discussed and carried, and the meeting adjourned the consideration of the remainder to this day.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mos.	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society	8 p. 7, P.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Geological Society	8 p. 8, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	8 p. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Royal Society	8 p. 8, P.M.
THU.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society	Three, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

[†] The meetings of the Philological Society are held in the General Library of the London University.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sittings of the 11th and 18th of November.

Correspondence:—M. Virey sends some observations to prove that maize or Turkey-corn, instead of being an oriental, is originally an European production, still called *Roumi* by the orientals—that is, *Roman*, which marks its European origin. M. Vilain writes concerning the discovery of platinum in the lead mines of France. M. Martin de St. Ange announces a requisite correction to be made in the classification of Cuvier. The latter, and with him zoologists in general, place the *cirropedes* in the same class with the *mollusca*, although possessing many of the characteristics of the *articulata*. M. de Blainville considers them as intermediary between the two classes. M. de St. Ange seems to prove, that they belong rather to the latter than to the former class.

The only memoir read at the sitting, was one of M. Biot, detailing 'Facts relative to the History of Vegetation.' The efforts of M. Biot have been lately directed to the examination of sap in trees, and to the comparison between the ascending and descending sap, so as to mark the change made in it by the foliaceous organs.

"I should commence by stating," says M. Biot, "that in all my experiments, the motion of the sap appears to me to proceed from the eminently *hygroscopic* quality of the vegetable tissue. The sap, received at the roots, evaporates by the leaves, whilst between these points the vegetable tissue acts precisely as a cylinder composed of animal charcoal, covered with an impenetrable envelope, and with its lower part immersed in liquid. The column is thus supplied with all the liquid that it can contain; the vegetable tissue becomes itself in the state of saturation that suits its mass under the existing temperature. This kind of equilibrium being established, should any cause,—a sudden change of temperature for instance,—increase the evaporation at the extremity of the branches, these will act by suction, draw more from the roots, and the equilibrium is still preserved. Should, however, the roots come to furnish more, and the leaves evaporate less, then will ensue turgescence in the vegetable tissue; and if a hole be made, the sap or liquid will overflow. This is precisely what is observed in the birch-tree in spring, when its sap begins to rise, and before its leaves have come forth or are able to perform their task of evaporation.

"As another trait of resemblance, it may be remarked, that the lateral action of heat on an *hygroscopic* column such as we have repre-

sented the vegetable tissue to be, would have the effect of rendering it capable of less saturation; and, consequently, would oblige it to throw out a part of the liquid it contains. This is the effect which the Sun produces upon the birch, and upon other trees, whose sap runs out at this period. When the leaves come, these phenomena cease; the task of evaporation is performed, and the sap bursts neither from the bark, nor through an orifice, if made.

"Now," continues M. Biot, "suppose we replace the impermeable or air-tight envelope by one, on the contrary, capable of absorption from within and exhalation without, the state of things will be changed. The issue of the sap or liquid by the sides of the envelope, will be more frequent and facile. The diminution of the exhaling power by a sudden cold will favour it, and the sap will burst forth at once from all the pores of the tree equally, taking into account merely the different degrees of thickness in the bark. Such is an account of the emission of sap by the sides of the nut-tree and sycamore in spring.

"The influence of the leaves on the internal motions of the sap in trees being thus explained, let us observe what will be the consequence, if these leaves, or great evaporating organs, be enveloped with a colder atmosphere. The sap conveyed to them being no longer evaporated, will rest and collect on their surface, and check all evaporation, especially at night. The upper parts of the vegetable tissue, or hygroscopic column, being thus overcharged, will let fall their superabundance upon the parts that are lower, which will produce a descent of the sap. Hence proceed the alternative ascent and descent of sap, such as have been noticed. Moreover, these effects will become continuous, if the evaporating property of the leaves should diminish before the supplying power of the roots ceases to throw up the sap; and this is precisely the case in September: the same trees that afforded me but their ascending sap in spring, in September afforded a continual sweat. The latter was no longer the same as the spring sap, for it contained no saccharine principle."

We have not space to follow M. Biot in his numerous experiments, which he extended, not only to the autumn leaves of trees, but even to those herbaceous plants, the lucern and trefoil, the frequently renewed vegetation of which, offered him more ample means of research than forst trees.

From the mass of experiments, M. Biot has drawn the following inductions—

The first is, That the alimentation of the foliaceous organs, is accomplished principally during the day; whilst the alimentation of roots and the formation of new layers of them, is effected chiefly in the night, when the diminution of evaporating power in the leaves precipitates the sap in a descending course towards the roots.

The second is, That in deciduous trees, the annual increase of the trunk and branches taking place in summer, the increase of the roots takes place in winter. The ascending motion is thus suspended by the cold, and the absence of leaves allows the sap to accumulate in the roots, which experience little of the atmospheric variations, and which, in the first warmth of spring send up their accumulated juices with force, through the uppermost parts of the tree.

Ere I proceed to give you an account of the public sitting of the Academy on the 18th of November, I must mention somewhat of an affair that has forced the Academy of late into the turmoil of political opinion. You have heard of Raspail, a young man as remarkable for his scientific attainments and discoveries, as for the *exaltation* (to use a French term,) of his republican opinions. Previous to the overthrow of Charles X., M. Raspail had been entitled to a prize in medicine; the ministry wished to deprive him of it, on

account of his political opinions, but the Academy would not hearken to such suggestion. Lately, M. Raspail has published his *New System of Organic Chemistry*, in which "certain discoveries in the nature of molecules," prove of such importance, that M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire declared, in a letter to M. Raspail, that he deserved 10,000 fr. from the fund endowed for the encouragement of science by M. Monthyon. The award of this sum has been the dispute since. M. Guizot set his face against encouraging a republican. This was noisy in the journals, denied by the minister's friends, and reproduced with the words of M. Guizot: "Let the Academy do its duty: I shall, at least, do mine." Geoffroy St. Hilaire, however, takes Guizot's part, and asserts that Raspail, though imprisoned for his political opinions, met with no persecution from the government. He writes, that "when Mr. Ure, the Chaptal of England in the ordering of ideas and applying them to the arts, expressed a wish to converse with M. Raspail on the state of science, the police most politely put no bar to the desired interview."

Leaving you to form what judgment you please on these matters, I proceed to mention the prizes given and proposed at the last sitting of the Academy, Nov. 18.

The great prize in physical science was awarded to M. Schultz. The Lalande gold medal to Sir J. Herschel. Mechanical prize not given. Medals in abundance; three for lithotropy, owing, as it was whispered, to the interest of an academician grievously afflicted with the stone. Prizes of 1000 fr. each, to twelve different physicians, for communications respecting the cholera. The first to Dr. Annesley, for the observations which he collected in India.

M. Guerry's 'Moral Statistics of France' was honoured with a prize.

The question for the great prize in physics for 1835 is 'Examine, whether the mode of development in the organic tissues of animals be at all analogous to that of vegetable tissues.'

The prize questions in medicine relate to continuous fevers.

The sitting was closed with the Eulogies of Fourier, by M. Arago, and of Percy, by Flourens, of which a report has not yet appeared.

THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

A new farce, called 'Scan. Mag.' was acted here on Saturday last. Having often had occasion to speak well of its author, with several of whose productions the public have been justly pleased, we shall, as far as he is concerned, merely lament that anything should have induced him to choose such a subject. One paper, which we read on Sunday, after praising the piece generally, at the same time pointing out some few faults, went on to say, that they might well be excused, in these times, in consideration of its being "original." For anything we know it may be quite as original as the French piece from which it was taken; but that there is a French production on the same subject—is what the Scotch call "a constant fact." Our neighbours were never quite so scrupulous upon the score of propriety as ourselves; and now, the licence they take is so extensive that importations should be narrowly watched. We have never seen the French original; but it is most likely that the liveliness of its dialogue has beguiled the English author into a forgetfulness of its tendency. What, however, are we to say of the taste of a management and its staff, when nobody is found to cry out against a production beginning and ending in indecency? That our opinion is not a solitary one, is clearly proved by the fact which we ourselves witnessed, of the ladies in two or three of the private boxes, and a large proportion of those in the dress circle,

leaving their places long before the conclusion of the first act. At a time when it is so difficult, at the large theatres, to play anything which will induce people to come in, surely policy, if not a more refined motive, ought to prevent their playing anything which must necessarily drive decent people out. It was curious to observe the way in which this farce was received. There were many passages and situations in it, any one of which would have brought instant condemnation on one otherwise free from objection—but here, having started in that sort of good humour which an audience generally does with anything new, the right moment for disapprobation never made itself prominent; and on went the majority laughing, without thought, as they began, and drowning the hisses of the few. There was considerable disapprobation towards the conclusion and at the end; but the "ayes," whether of paper or bullion, had it hollow.

We like fun; love to see merry faces at a theatre; wish well to all authors, and would always much rather praise than blame: but we have a duty to perform, and, to the best of our belief and ability, we ever have and ever shall perform it.

If fun is not to be had, except at the expense of decency, away with it.

ADELPHI.

'The Rake and his Pupil,' produced here on Monday, is open in a milder degree to the same objection we made to the new farce at Covent Garden. It is taken from a French play, which was founded on a cleverly written, but most indecent novel. It is true that the English author has had the good taste to reject the worst portions of the indecency, but dulness to a considerable extent is the consequence; and, therefore, it would have been better, to our thinking, to have left the subject alone. An audience, however, composed of those who go now and then to be entertained, may often find much amusement, where your critic, who goes nearly every night as a matter of business, finds little or none; and it is but just to report, that on the present occasion the house seemed, generally, much pleased. With a few alterations, 'The Rake and his Pupil' will, no doubt, chime well in with the already highly attractive entertainments at this theatre. The piece is extremely well got up, as the phrase is, the dresses are capital, and the house was, as usual, crammed.

STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. J. Russell made a spirited attempt to redeem his fortunes at this house, on Monday night, by giving a mono-dramatic entertainment. He has our best wishes for a continuance of the success and encouragement he met with; and, while we give him due credit for the modesty which filled him with alarm, and marred some of his best-intended effects, we can assure him that the versatility of his talents may well justify him in laying it aside for the future. He was warmly and justly applauded.

MISCELLANEA

The Colosseum.—We went last week to visit the collection of stuffed animals brought by Mr. Steedman from the Cape. A young ostrich not more than eight inches high, a young elephant of about two feet, and a young giraffe only six feet and a half to the top of the head, are rarities in this country. There is also a very singular little animal of the weasel kind, different from all hitherto known, of which this is the only specimen yet discovered. The name *Cynicus Steedmanni*, in honour of its discoverer, has been attached to it. Some of the birds are uncommonly handsome; they are all in a good state of preservation. The black Bird of Paradise is one of the most magnificent creatures

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